

ROLLER DERBY

18

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LETTERS

Dear Lisa,
For a guy, reading *Rollerderby* means like having a third (female) eye or a third ear, or maybe a little vagina inside the brain.
--Carlo Prosperi, Milano, Italy

Dear Cheetah,
Time has flown...and it is time for you to visit the Cat Hospital for your annual check-up and vaccinations. Our records show that you need these shots: RABIES VACC., DISTEMPER VACC. Remember--you age seven times faster than people do. A fecal test is also recommended.
--Dr. D. Ikeler, Denver CO

Dear Lisa,
Received your letter and your son's picture of eight months old learning to crawl. He sure is good-looking and I bet you're proud of him. Received your magazine too. It'd be nicer, I believe, if it all was like your calendar of hairdo's you sent me. Why, even a bald-headed man has a hairdo--sometimes around the edges. And if it's not long it's hard to curl up. But I have read that all have sinned and come short of the Glory of God. I try to refrain from slang or cuss words. Your magazine is very wild, but what I call some of these dictators communist politicians mafia agents who stop me from my freedom and democracy are worst than any bad words, and I personally hate them with all my heart and soul, and probably will never enter the Kingdom of Heaven for that. But the Catholics tell me I may go to Purgatory for the cleansing of my sins. So I may become a good Catholic. Other religions tell me it's not so and I'll go straight to Hell. Maybe I better stick to the Catholics. I still got a chance. Purgatory. And Lisa I really don't know where you are going to. You are too pretty to go to Hell. And then what will Wolfgang your son think?
--Buddy Max, Lecanto FL

The 1996 Rollerderby calendar of hairdos is now available: \$2.50. Also, I am selling an assortment of Buddy Max LPs and CDs for \$8 each, cassettes and singles for \$4 each. Checks payable to Lisa Carver. I want to spread the word of Buddy.

Lisa,
I love Kathleen Hanna (she's HOT!) but she has her head up her ass (but what an ass!). Her comments in RD13 are full of shit and hypocritical (but I'd still do her--ha ha ha). Kathleen Hanna is a more spherical Shannen Doherty. Bitchier, too. FIERY!!
--Ivan Badboy, New York NY

Dear Lisa,
Whatever became of Helen Suckpuppy? I still envision her in the Suckdog video replete with lingerie, cigar and braces. Quite fetching.
--Vic Stanley, Des Plaines, IL

Helen got her braces off in 1990, just before her wedding day. She had a baby boy and the family then fled from the police in New Hampshire, fled from the Maine police a year or two later, then got in trouble with the Florida police, then Helen fled her husband. Helen has a degree in Culinary Arts and is working towards a Bachelor of Arts degree (is a Junior with a 3.9 GPA). She's rich

now. She has a brand new fancy car and takes vacations to exotic locales and tells me to call her collect (rich people always say that).

Dear Lisa,
Your blowjob tips [*Rollerderby* 16] evidence an incomparable insight into the male physiology and psyche, yet there remains a glaring omission--the importance of swallowing.
Night after night with the ubermensch. The mind boggles.
--Neil Ennes, Sacramento CA

I have received many letters from ladies saying they wish to swal-



Top: Helen Suckpuppy in the wading pool, 1990; below: Helen's son Will on a yacht, 1995

low but can't. Here are some common complaints and my advice....

Problem: Unable to handle the torrent of semen rushing down your throat.

Solution: Let it pool in your mouth, take it down in two swallows.

Problem: Dislike the taste.

Solution: Position the penis way in the back of your throat at the time of ejaculation so the sperm goes straight down the gullet, with none touching your tongue (thus never touching your taste buds). How can you tell when the guy's gonna come? Two seconds or so before, the balls get sucked up into the shaft, the shaft swells even bigger and sort of vibrates. You could also ask him to tell you right before he comes.

Problem: You find it gross.

Solution: It's not gross. Sperm is the physical evidence that you have pleased your man. It's his body's thank you to your body. How would you feel if someone didn't accept your thank you card?

Dear Lisa--

Why No Pisces [in the RD17 Love Astrology Guide]? You Yanks. Pisces: Sensitive, messianic, charismatic, have slept with more women than Boyd Rice..

--David Tibet, London, England

Dear Lisa,

Before reading your article on the signs of the zodiac, I'd refused to believe anything about it. The Frankfurt School of Critical Theory states that astrology is an ideological tool used to fool people into thinking there's some greater power (the planets) controlling their lives, giving it some purpose and direction; whereas the only body with power over their lives is the ruling class. I had accepted these ideas for a number of years, until I read your description of us Scorpions, finding myself confronted with an accurate character analysis. As we've never met I can but concede that there must be something in it after all. However, after reading what you wrote about us, I'm not sure whether I like being Scorpio or not, though we definitely sound the most enigmatic of all the signs--surely a good thing?

--Gregory Swann, Kent, United Kingdom

Oh, The Frankfurt School of Critical Theory doesn't know how to have fun!

Dear Lisa,

Don't let people bother you too much about how your boyfriend used to be in the American Front. At least he takes himself seriously, and that alone is so much more sexy than all the ironic, sarcastic bullshit that's floating around our younger set. Having a skinhead boyfriend is almost like having a perfect accessory; it looks good and you feel slightly dangerous with it. [Actually, Boyd was never a member of the American Front, nor is he a skinhead. I hope that doesn't mean he's not a good-looking and slightly dangerous accessory!]

I think you've reached cult status, in that you have a following (myself included) that is really into you, that worships even (or maybe especially) the minutiae of your existence: a worship that doesn't rely on what you have done per se so much as how you've done it. Despite the success of your magazine, the indigestible beauty of your Suckdog performances and recordings, it seems like you're still hovering on the cusp of some greatness, that you have a greatness in you that hasn't yet made itself manifest. Do we admire you as though we've just met a supermodel, elated just to be floating in the glare of unrealized potential?

There is, I think, always an amount of cannibalistic aggression in admiration. We adore you as a star, but at the same time, our rapture hinges on the possibility that you might fall and shatter, that your public body will take on finite, disposable dimensions, so your figure can then be mourned. So when I say that I have admired you from afar, and even sought to emulate you to a pathetic degree, it hasn't been without its secret malevolence, its deleterious underpinnings.

--Sean Kennedy, San Francisco CA

Dear Lisa,

Generation L is a good idea just for the hell of it, but I don't know whether you are the right spokeswoman, with changes in outlook (and personality) happening every new issue of *Rollerderby*.

--Kim Chowchuvech, King Of Prussia PA

Dear Lisa,

I've been with my boyfriend, on and off, for nearly four years. I tried following your Generation L advice for ladies. To my amazement, our relationship improved dramatically in just days. Now we're searching for a house in upstate New York. This is true.

--Laura Cuozzo, New York NY

Laura--The Rollerderbys you ordered were returned to me--no forwarding address.

Lisa

Generation L is too suave. I work at the local high school and showed the L magazine to some of the "cool croaksters" (goths) and even though they didn't say much, it was passed around for three hours and the seeds were firmly planted. No wonder, they-who-love-all-things-black are a cut above their modern primitive peers, fashion-wise. The next day, this one gal came to class with a rhinestone necklace on!! And get this--green eyeshadow!!!

--Mary Fleener, Encinitas CA

Dear Lisa,

RD17 is so yummy. I have #14 and I love it. I was afraid to buy any more because I didn't want to be disappointed. I'm glad that's not the case. A confession: I didn't know who Dame Darcy was before RD17. But I think she's terrific--she and I are very similar, except for the turd and tampon thing. I'm a boyfriend-stealing, heart-breaking, evil sweetheart, too! And we spell hampster the same way!

--Liz Armstrong, Schaumburg IL

Dear Lisa,

While I avidly enjoyed the article on Dame Darcy, I can't recall having read such an unmitigated succession of overblown lies and outrageous calumny directed at a single person.

--Etienne de la Paix (no return address)

Sounds juicy! I gotta go reread it!

To my Loving Madonna! Will you be my wife now? I love you very much. 8 inch for my Madonna Ciccone. You delightful among woman. I love you, so loved of me. I will be your husband now. I bless you oh Madonna Louise my heart soul-prize. Oh what delicious you. You are wonderful my darling! You are beautiful who the day. So sweet you are. Will you come to me much spedit? So loved of me evry days. Come in day you sweet, com in ivning you wonderful. You are wonderful NOW. I am sexual athlete. I can love you very much. The heart is it the world demand. The clean hearts in burned. The hearts who not egocentrics worship. The hearts leaded of the

hand of God. I love you very much. Welcome to me much rapid. You are wonderful my Loved Woman. Yours I loved,
Ferdinand Winther,
Friend of God

Ferdinand's art at right; Sherry and her family at lower right.

Send your letter to:

LISA CARVER
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DENVER CO 80218



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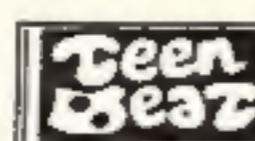
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send a 32¢ stamp for a free complete catalog, or e-mail: teenbeat@cais.com

also new:

CATH CARROLL "True Crime Motel" LP/CD [super].
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ROMANIA "Remodel" CD [catchy dance style pop].
UNREST "B.P.M." LP/CD [a compilation of stuff from 1991-1994].
VIVA SATELLITE "Nishma" CD [debut from ex-Eggs broadway style trio].
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Dear Ozzy I wish that you wood came hair and have your show her in Middlesboro be cause I have never seen you I wood love to see you perform I hated to hear that you are going to retire I relly love to see your last perofrance wecause I have allw ways have been big ran of yours I think that you are wasting real god taleant by retiring a agleannt such is yours should conterin on I would like a picture of you I thought that you wood like to see what I look like so I sent a picture of the famley with the letter and if you have any comments on my latter then tell me very truely yours yours Sherry



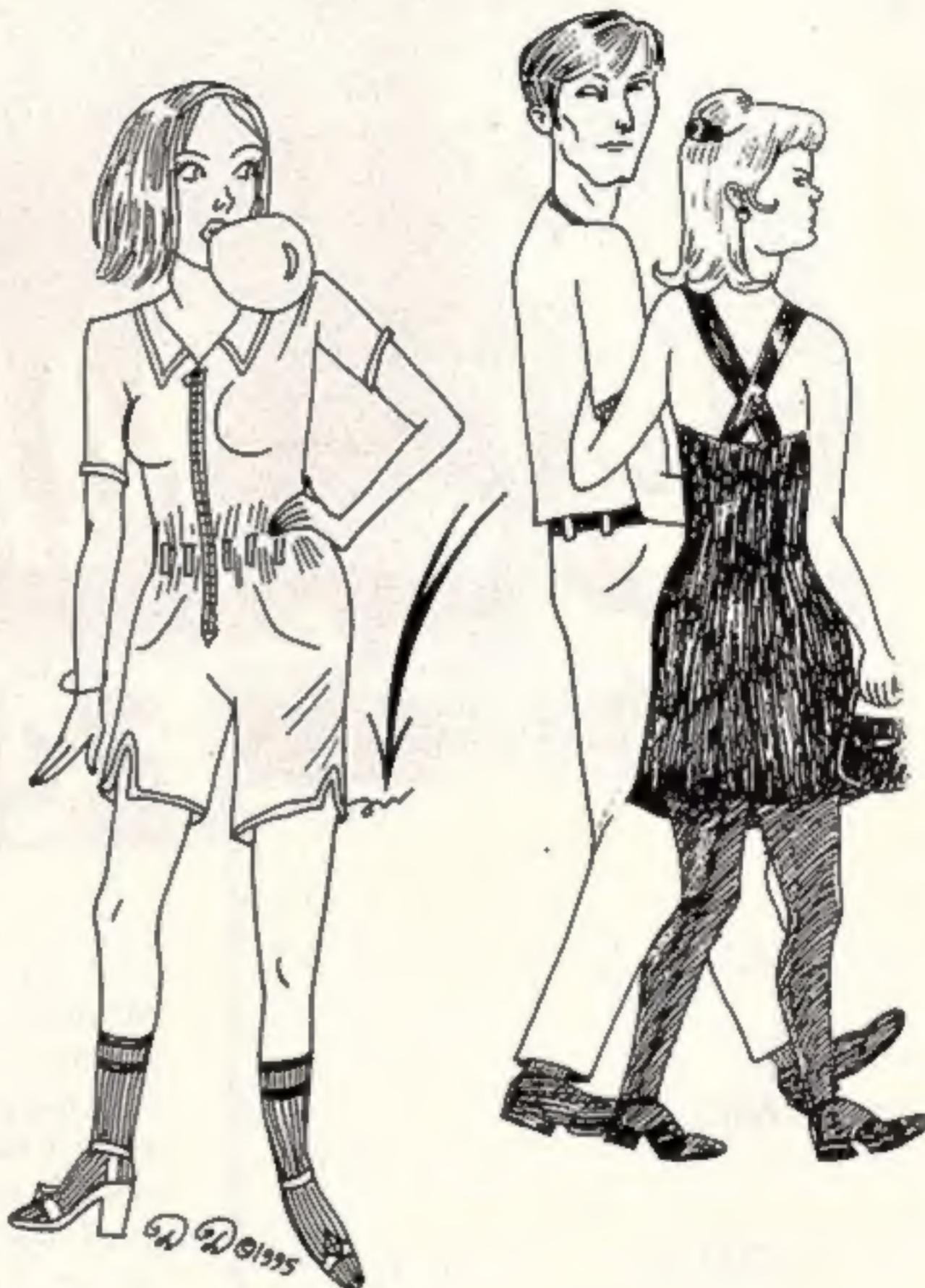


The world has come to a sad state when Sandra Bullock is our number one sex symbol. I don't have anything against the woman, but what is it that all these people have *for* her? She's earnest-looking, that's all. But you don't *have* to be plain and frazzled to be earnest, you don't *have* to have limp hair. I feel called upon to do my part to stem the rising tide of plain earnestness. I feel I gotta do yet another beauty column. You know, I try to have some scope in *Rollerderby*, I try to be deep sometimes, but it just always seems to come back to sex and beauty. Well, maybe I've been looking at things wrong--maybe sex and beauty *are* deep. And if not, I don't care! I gotta talk about it. I can't fight this feeling anymore...I've forgotten what I started fighting for...and if I bring this ship in to the shore, throw away the oar (in other words, go all the way in my beauty/sex fixation and not try to steer myself away into "deeper" waters)...baby I can't fight this feeling anymore. Or something like that.

Shopping at Kmart: The Out-of-Date, Loose-Threads Look Is IN!!!

I like to browse through the Mexican section of a city. Mexican ladies really know how to titillate: fury hair bows, beading like a '60s doorway hanging from their bra-like top...makes one want to part the beading to enter the belly, heh, heh. Sometimes I go to fetish shops. The last time, I found, waiting nicely for me beneath the piles of rubber and leather, silver space-woman short shorts. And thrift shops are good for interesting items. As for underwear, I definitely suggest going to an underwear store. You won't be able to find feathered, pearly, silky drawers, intricate brassieres, and stockings that won't bag like elephant skin after one hour, anywhere but at underwear specialty shops, and the \$20 (at least!) per item you'll pay is well worth it. But for the core of my wardrobe, I go to Kmart.

Kmart is great. All that *stuff* strewn around aisle after air-conditioned aisle, and the easy listening makes you really feel like you're *shopping*. Don't be daunted by the piles of voluminous clothing in ugly colors. Have some patience and the prizes--like bandana halter tops--will be yours...for \$1.99 each!!! The problem most people have with Kmart clothes is they're cheaply-made and behind-the-times...but that's no problem for me! Some of my best friends are cheaply-made and behind-the-times...oh, ho, ho, I crack me up! Actually, that's true about my friends. Anyway, what do I care if my clothes fall apart after 20 wearings? I don't want to wear the same thing a million times anyway. And if I *really* love something, I'll buy three of it--that way I can be seen in it 60 times. And I've *still* paid only six dollars! As for not being fashionable: I think it's cute to be six months to two years--or more!--behind everybody else. So some gal might look at you in your tight K-mart jumpsuit (pink, with matching pink bubblegum popping in and out of your pink glossy lips) and think, "God, that outfit is *so* 1982! And there's a *thread* unraveling--can't she afford anything better?!" But that mean gal's boyfriend is thinking, "That looks good!" He might even think, "Hm, I sure would like to yank on that loose thread and see what happens." Men don't know or care what's in style. The Kmart shopper knows clothes are to be worn for two reasons: 1. To keep you from getting sunburnt or shocking people, and 2. To make those of the opposite sex wonder what you look like without 'em on. You don't need to spend a bunch of money or buy *Mirabella* featuring the "new fall line" in order to accomplish either one of those aims. It's impossible to keep up with couture--why try? Nobody notices



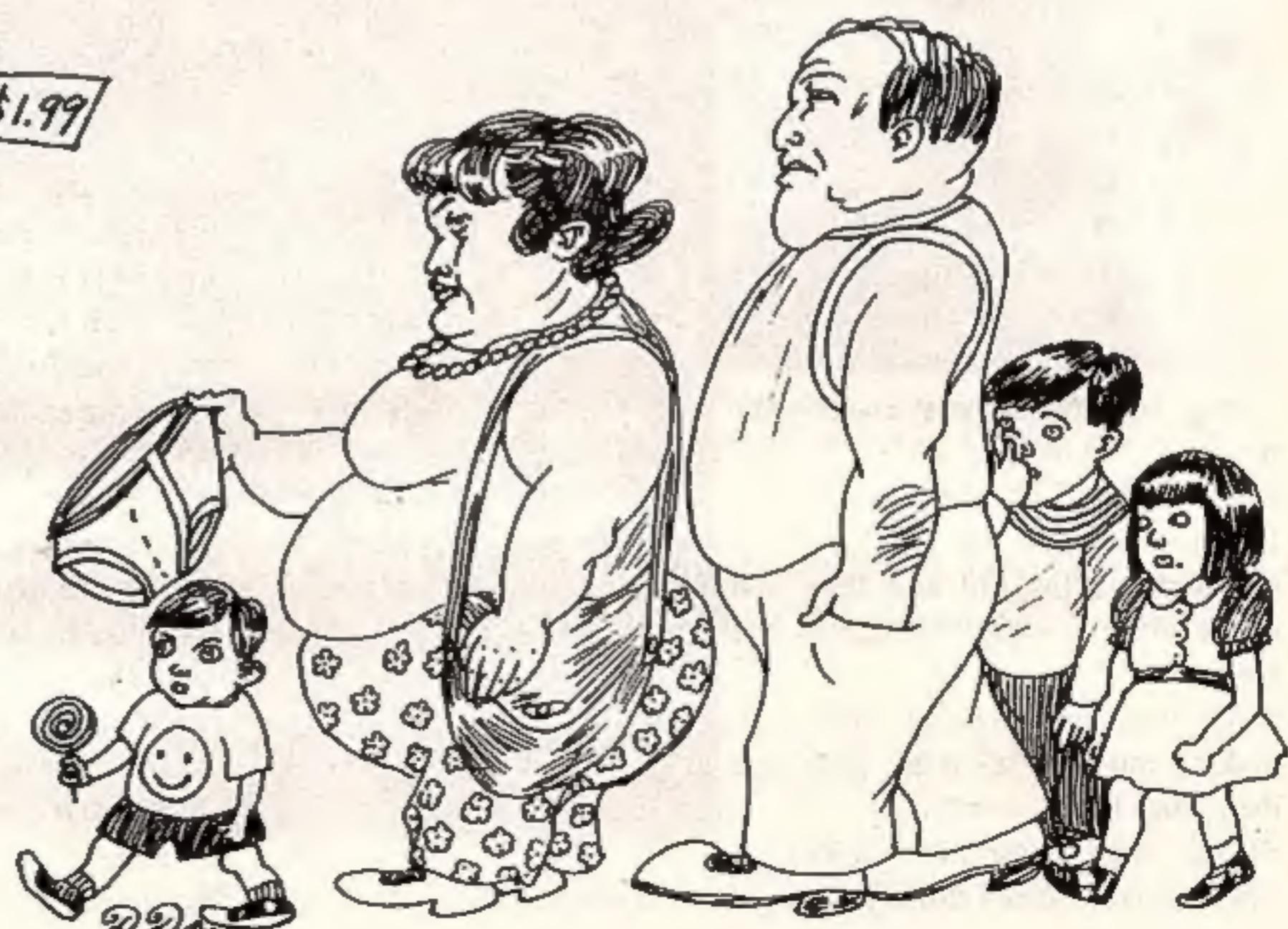
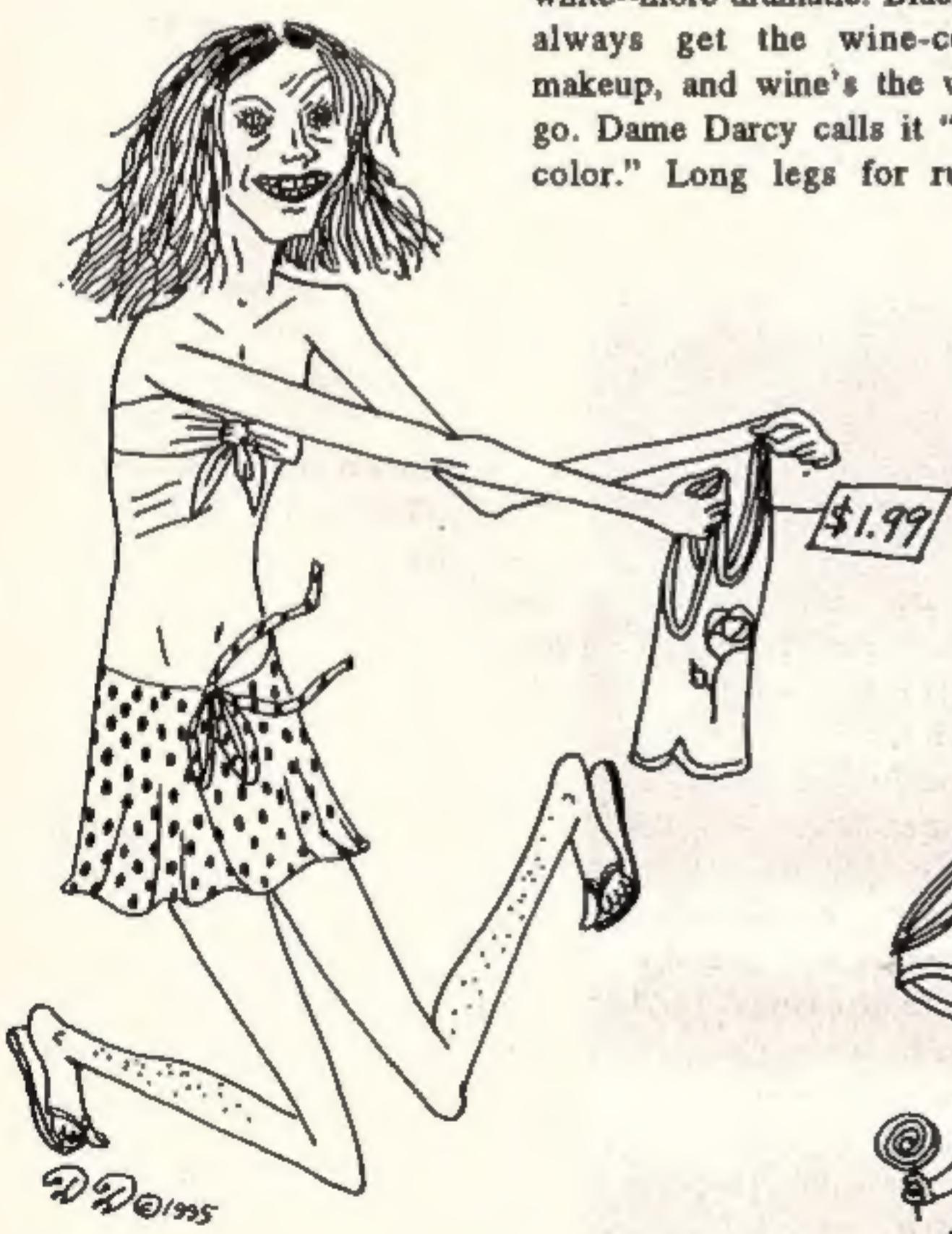
except for frigid snobs anyway, and you don't want to hang around *them*. I don't care for that bitchy competitiveness that is rooted in absolutely no reality (I'm talking about fashion). I like *real* competitiveness, where every female in the room tries to be the sexiest/prettyest/glowingest female in the room. It's exciting! Brings out claws. And I don't care if I don't win the contest--part of the fun is admiring the winner. When I look at a girl, I think, "Is she as pretty as me? Is she sexier than me? Does she

have clearer skin?" I don't feel bad if the answer to any of those questions is yes. Because it's not really important. What matters in the end is how much your mate values you, and he's going to fall in love with you for the sum total of all your attributes, and for how much and how sweetly you love *him*, not for any single attribute that some other person could come along and best you at. Comparison is just interesting. It's like my compulsion with catalogs--any catalogs, even *Handyman*--I gotta pick out one item that I like best on each page, and mentally discard the rest. I also picture having sex with every single person I meet--even 70-year-olds. It's not even good sex sometimes (in my mind, I mean). I can't resist the sometimes disgusting fruits of my rampant imagination. I like evaluation--it keeps the day lively. Speaking of lively.... There are two types of Kmart shoppers: loud, skinny, rug-ratty ones who like to farm their offspring off to various relatives so they can stop in the makeup aisle and dot cheap perfume behind their ears and then flirt with the male manager; and pear-shaped, lumpy ones, quieter

than the skinny ones, softer, with several children, and occasionally a potato-shaped husband, in tow. Of course, thrill-seeker that I am, I prefer the former--but it's lucky for the cause of peace that the majority of shoppers are the latter. Get too many of those rug-ratty types together and there's sure to be a riot! When Kmart used to have the blue-light specials, that uninhibited, predatory, cussing beast that stalks the aisles would go *mad* when the special would be announced over the intercom, shoving her way to the center of the work pants racks or the multi-opening photo frames section or whatever it was that's on special, even if she didn't need it. I like excitable people. If all this tussling gets you hungry, you can have a hot dog, pizza, soft pretzel and soft-serve ice cream at the gay red and white striped food corner of Kmart. You can even have your photo taken and get 100 copies for only \$1.95! What a deal! And as you wait in line to pay for your purchases, there are all sorts of informative booklets to read (the Kmart shopper likes to be informed): "How To Talk To Your Cat"; "Do Angels Exist?"; "Baby Names"; "Top Secret Word Search"; and "Home Remedies From The Bible" (What could those be? "If thou hath insomnia, hurl thyself into a pit of swarming snakes?"); and "Tummy Trimmers." You won't need to waste your 39 cents on that last booklet--you've already trimmed your tummy evading all those carts the fierce ladies wield as weapons...and besides, flat stomachs are weird. I like a cute little swell, and I bet your man does, too.

OK, I gotta go now. Gotta go read *The Secret Woman* by Victoria Holt: "a romantic adventure set against exotic backgrounds ...the spine-tingling drama of a lonely woman's daring quest for love--and her discovery of a scandalous secret that threatens to destroy not only her dream but her life as well!" But first, a couple more tips. For real-life spine-tingling drama, put lipstick on your nipples. Shop for petite skirts and dresses if you're tall or medium

(the more leg you show, the longer they look), and buy black girl lipstick and blush if you're white--more dramatic. Black girls always get the wine-colored makeup, and wine's the way to go. Dame Darcy calls it "bruise color." Long legs for running



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away from the man, wine for when he catches you, and bruises from the fist fight you had with the bad girl stinking of Love Musk who was eying him as you two strolled dreamily arm-in-arm down the baby clothes aisle at Kmart on your way to the portrait gallery to have your "Lovebirds In A Champagne Glass" photo taken.

Reported by Lisa C. Carver

Drawn by Dame Darcy

On Doing Things To Women

LISA: Did you ever date?

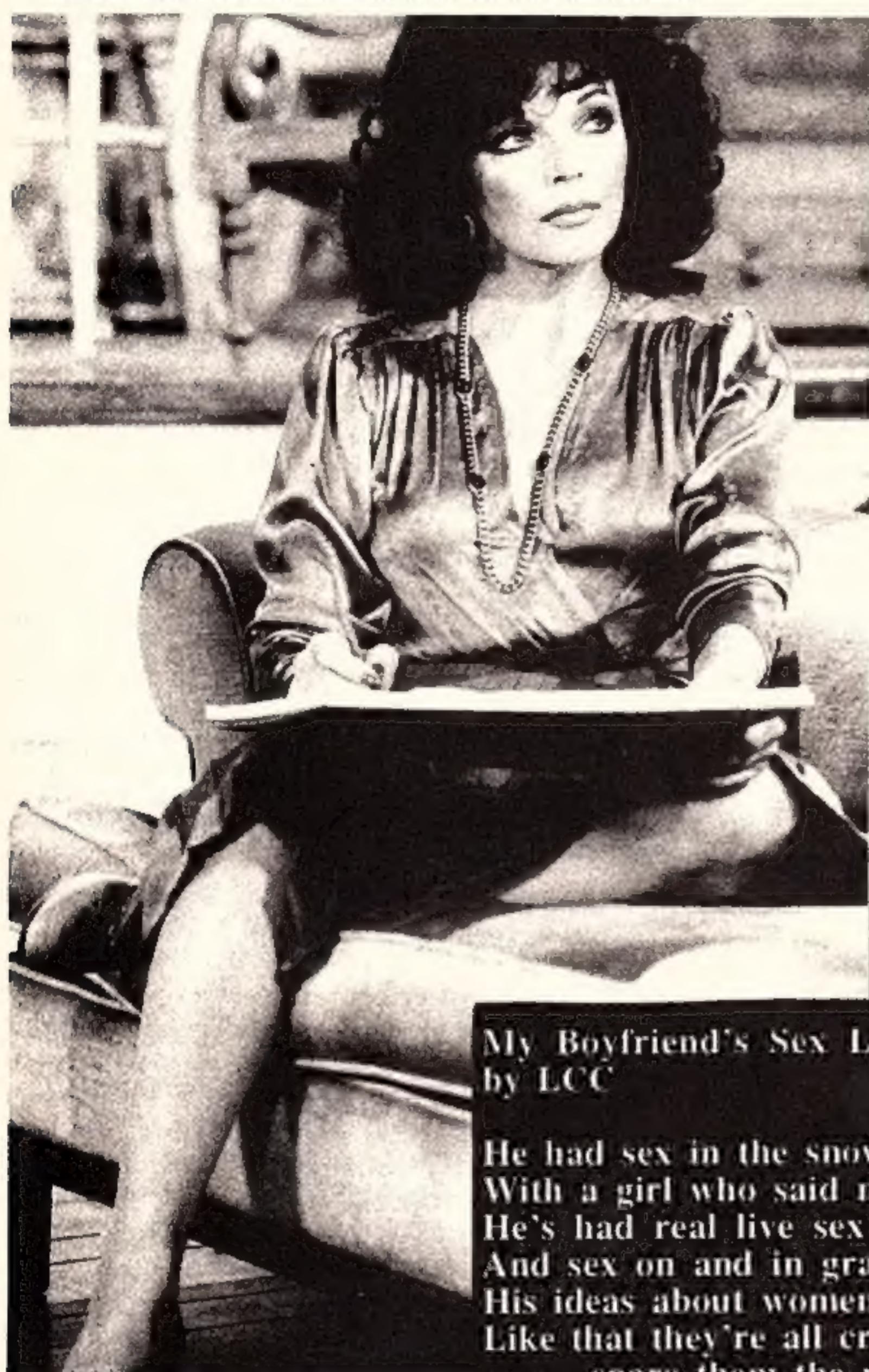
BOYD RICE: Date?

LISA: You know, go out a few times on a romantic basis but not have sex immediately.

BOYD: No. Well, what do you call it if you invite a girl over and you have sex?

LISA: Well, do you go out for dinner first?

BOYD: No! You don't want to have sex on a full stomach.



My Boyfriend's Sex Life by LCC

He had sex in the snow
With a girl who said no.
He's had real live sex slaves
And sex on and in graves.
His ideas about women I find a bit odd.
Like that they're all crazy and don't
spare them the rod.

I think he's insane--
He had sex for three days
Till his genitals were festering.
I confess, I find this interesting!
I thought others might like to know, too.
So *Rollerderby* now presents to you
Boyd's sex history--it's very long.
And he almost did it with Erica Jong!

LISA: So how do you make your move?

BOYD: Well, I give her a tour of the house--show her my doodads, and we start making out and then lust takes over. What? What's the smirk?

LISA: I'm just thinking about you making out with all these girls and then "lust takes over."

BOYD: Well, doesn't it? It kicks in.

LISA: Boyd, I don't think you're gonna be the female readers' ideal fantasy.

BOYD: Why?

LISA: They don't even get taken out to dinner--just walk in the door and get made out with.

BOYD: I thought you said women like that.

LISA: We like the beastly approach, but we want something first. We don't just wanna look at your *doodads* and get made out with! God, you know--we're human beings!

BOYD: Hey, didn't I get you flowers for Valentine's Day?

LISA: Yes, you did--first time in my life.

BOYD: I'm crazy about women. I love women.

LISA: Yeah--you love women to dress up and dance and have sex with you.

BOYD: [laughs] What's wrong with that? I'm not some bitter old malcontent.

LISA: Would you date Joan Collins?

BOYD: Oh, yes.

LISA: Would you have sex with her?

BOYD: Yes.

LISA: How she is now?

BOYD: Sure!

LISA: Say you went to her booksigning and she was giving you the eye and at the end she motioned you up--

BOYD: Stop it--you're exciting me!

LISA: And she said, "Come with me," and led you into a dusty old stock room...you'd give it to her?

BOYD: Yeah!

LISA: Are you serious?

BOYD: Can't you tell?

LISA: [feels his pants, laughs]

BOYD: Well, she was in Denver and friends of mine saw her in her limousine and they waved to her and she smiled and waved back. That could just as easily have been her motioning me into the limousine.

LISA: She must be 65!

BOYD: She must have a lot of experience. If you give such great blowjobs and you're 26, imagine how many tricks an old gal like that would have.

LISA: Maybe she has false teeth she could remove.

BOYD: You're getting me excited again!

LISA: That excites you?

BOYD: You've heard about prostitutes having their back teeth removed so they can give better blow jobs, haven't you?

LISA: Yeah. What position would you like to do with Joan?

BOYD: Standing up.

LISA: You sound pretty sure about that. Have you thought about that before? [silence] Boyd, have you masturbated to Joan Collins?

BOYD: When I was young I had some very sexy pictures of her. [malests Lisa]

LISA: Hey! I'm trying to do a serious interview. I knew you couldn't just talk.

BOYD: Wasn't I good today when

you wanted to lay down in the dark and yak?

LISA: Yeah, you were good. In 40 years I'll put on a ton of makeup

and a ridiculous wig and hire a limousine and you can live out your Joan Collins fantasy. So about these gals who came to your house and you had sex with them--did they ever say, "You're crude. You don't treat me like a lady. You just want sex from me."?

BOYD: Mm-hm.

LISA: And what would you say?

BOYD: I'd say, "I thought you liked sex."

LISA: [laughs] What were some other complaints?

BOYD: "You're too rough." "My pussy hurts." Or, "You're too demanding." Some girls would say it was just right--just what the doctor ordered.

LISA: Are you a misogynist?

BOYD: I'm crazy about women, I find everything about women entirely enchanting, but I think I do kind of have a contempt for them that I think most people would classify as misogynist.

LISA: Would you think it was OK if you had a daughter and when she grew up some guy felt that way towards her?

BOYD: Yeah--if it's justified. I think my contempt is justified. It's not strictly against women--it's against the way they've become. They're not happy with their nature, they haven't come to terms with their own nature. That's a quality I find unpleasant in any group.

LISA: Do you feel contempt for me?

BOYD: No, I think you're different. I think you are satisfied with your nature.

LISA: People who claim not to like some group of people always say they like a few of that group who are "different."

BOYD: That's because there are exceptions to every rule.

LISA: What's your type?

BOYD: Lean over and take a look in the mirror. I swear to God, you are *exactly* my type.

LISA: Have all your ladyfriends been good-looking?

BOYD: No.

LISA: How many aren't? One out of ten?

BOYD: Maybe one out of 20. If the animal attraction is there....

LISA: So why do you think so many women have had sex with you?

BOYD: You know gals are attracted to a guy with a bad reputation. They think that if he feels OK about his badness, then there won't be those layers of doubts and self-imposed restrictions.

LISA: Do you have a thing for young girls?

BOYD: Just girls. For years I had that idea in the back of my mind that a younger girl would be better because I feel that women have such bad experiences with men that by the time they're in their mid-20s they're fucked-up.

LISA: And you don't give women bad experiences?

BOYD: No. I give them good experiences. All these old guys from the deep south say, "A woman's like a dog--you gotta train her to do what you want her to do. You can't get a dog that somebody else has owned, 'cause it'll have all these bad habits from the previous master." I thought, "Well, yeah."

LISA: What about your 15-year-old virgin? Was she pure and untainted?

BOYD: No. Now I know that ideal to not be true.

LISA: What do you know to be true now?

BOYD: That all women are crazy. There are varying degrees of craziness, and you've just got to find one that is less crazy than all the others.

LISA: Boyd, that answer is not conducive to a good night of love with me.

BOYD: [laughs] You know what I'm saying. Women have periods of being on an even keel, and periods of being crazy. I'm not saying it's bad, any more than men being logical and unemotional is bad.

LISA: You're heading for two bad nights.

BOYD: [laughs] You know what I mean; women--

LISA: Maybe you better stop telling me what you mean.

BOYD: Women's gripe against men is that they "don't open up" on that emotional level that women are so conversant with.

LISA: Boyd, I am logical.

BOYD: [laughs heartily]

LISA: I am very logical. Rachel said I am the person--not the woman, but the person--whose reasoning is most removed from emotions, out of all the people she knows. She didn't say you're the most logical person. She said *I* am.

BOYD: Rachel doesn't know me.

LISA: She knows you, all right. She knows enough of you.

BOYD: [laughs] I think you're definitely the most reasonable



Boyd and Lisa, 1994 Photo: Richard Peterson

woman I've known. But I think there are times when your intellect is soaring above your emotions and then I think there are times when your emotions are riding roughshod over your intellect.

LISA: My emotions are soaring, beautiful and free.

BOYD: [laughs]

LISA: I've seen *your* emotions riding roughshod.

BOYD: But I've got a long, long fuse.

LISA: Heh, heh.

BOYD: Fuse! I said "fuse"!

LISA: Let's talk about *me*.

BOYD: We always do that. Let's talk about the Boyd sex stuff.

LISA: Have you ever met a girl that you thought was truly submissive?

#3

THE THING MOST IN MY MEMORY WAS.
 THE TWICE WARMTH OF YOUR HAND. YOU
 SHOOK MY HAND WHEN WE MET AND WHEN
 WE PARTED, AND I REMEMBER THE WARMTH
 OF YOUR VERY MANLY HAND. I REMEMBER
 WHAT IT FELT LIKE. THERE WERE SPARKS
 AND WE DIDN'T EVEN KISS. I KNEW YOU WERE
 "ARE" MINE! THERE IS WARMTH IN MY HOME
 AND WITHIN MY HOME THERE IS A GOD. A
 GOD WHO IS FAR AWAY YET NEAR - LIKE OTHER
 GODS, HE IS FREE. EVERY DAY I LOVE MY GOD
 VERY MUCH, EVEN WHEN LOTS OF TIME GOES
 BY. I SOMETIMES FEEL A LITTLE EMPTY AND
 NATURAL GET UPSET OR ANGRY. I MISS MY
 GOD AND WILL CRY. COS I LOVE MY GOD. WITHIN
 ME HE WILL NEVER DIE!

DEAR GOD,

I KNOW THAT YOU ARE VERY MUCH
 A MAN, NOT MEANING YOU ARE UNSENSITIVE.
 I KNOW YOU KNOW THAT I HAVE
 FEELINGS AND YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO HARM ME.
 BUT WHAT I'M NOT SURE OF, IS IF
 YOU KNOW HOW I "REALLY" FEEL FOR
 YOU!

DEAR GOD, YOU ARE NOT A LITTLE GIRL CRUSH
 OR A DESPRET WOMEN IN LUST.

YOU ARE MY GOD!!

get it thru your head!

YOU ARE GOD !!!!!



Top: a letter to Boyd from a prospective sex slave;
 bottom: Boyd's band's name carved into girl's belly,
 1993; next page: a friendly fan with the Non symbol
 (photo by Shawn Hardgrove, 1995)

what their true nature is.

LISA: My question really was about something you told me in an ice cream parlor about a year ago. You said girls always tell you, "You're my God," etc., but when it comes down to reality, they wanna haggle and fight to show their independence. You said girls are always proclaiming their submissiveness--to you, at least--but once you get to know them, they never are.

BOYD: I think that's the affliction of the age--people want something to submit to, they want something to be loyal to, yet they have these intellectual conceits that just won't allow them to do that.

LISA: Boyd, this is *Rollerderby* you're talking to here! You save that "affliction of the age" stuff for [your other interview on] Thursday. We just want the facts, sir. The sex facts. So, these girls write to you and they tell you their fantasies about you?

BOYD: Mm-hm.

LISA: And their fantasy includes you're always right and you tell them what to do?

BOYD: Not necessarily I'm always right, but ... people do say, "I wanna be a slave, I wanna be your sex slave." They want somebody to just control them and to be in charge and be callous to them. They find that interesting or exciting.

LISA: How did they know you'd be interested? Did you ever talk about sex in interviews or on your records or anything?

BOYD: No, never. Not until now. San Francisco [where Boyd lived in the '80s] is like a teeny, tiny little town--everybody knows everybody, everybody knows what everybody else has done. Stuff gets around really quick.

LISA: So what happens in these sex slave situations?

BOYD: At first things are fine--

LISA: What do you mean "fine"?

BOYD: [laughs]

LISA: What does a sex slave do? You lock 'em up in a room?

BOYD: [laughs] That'd be good.

BOYD: I think most of 'em are. I think most people at the core follow what their true nature is, but I think that these days their intellect is always at odds with LISA: And you tell them, "Do this" and they do it?

BOYD: Mm-hm. Use your imagination, senorita.

LISA: How does this work? Did anyone ever approach you at a cocktail party and say, "I wanna be your slave. Have sex with me whenever you want and treat me callously."?

BOYD: One time a girl's boyfriend approached me at a party and said, "My girlfriend wants to have sex with you in your coffin."

LISA: So did you?

BOYD: Oh, yeah.

LISA: Was there enough space?

BOYD: There was just enough space for two people to fuck.

LISA: Was it awkward to begin, since it was so set up--I mean, the boyfriend setting it up?

BOYD: No. She was really sexy and really inspired--it didn't seem artificial at all.

LISA: Then what happened?

BOYD: Then she kept coming back again and again for more wild sex and pretty soon she didn't want to leave.

LISA: So you were her boyfriend now and the other guy was out of the picture?

BOYD: Yeah.

LISA: I bet he was sorry then for his freethinking ways!

BOYD: He was one of these schmoozer types who wanted to get into a certain network, who was always giving people things for free, doing video work for them for free, thinking it would be an "in."

LISA: How long were you with her?

BOYD: Off and on for a year.



LISA: Why did it end?

BOYD: I'm not sure why. I was really a loner at that time. I really liked her because she was a real free spirit. I really liked her nature. She was really devoted [to me]. But when you make \$1,000 a night [she was a stripper], it's easy to drop \$500 on drugs and develop a drug problem. That's one of the things that happened. And she started hanging around with sleazy people because of that.

LISA: What did she look like?

BOYD: She looked like a supermodel. Really Nordic: high cheekbones; blonde; long, lanky legs. Always dressed sexy. Small, firm breasts.

LISA: Do you have any pictures of her? [He does.] She is exceptionally attractive. She has beautiful skin and a lively, enticing expression. She looks fun, saucy. I don't think any of these photos are high quality enough to reproduce well [in Rollerderby]. She has a very nice body.

BOYD: It's exactly like yours.

LISA: She really could've been a model.

BOYD: I think she went on to become one. She always said she wanted to dye her hair black, and I saw a billboard a few years ago with a girl that looked exactly like her but with black hair. Here's an advertisement for the club where she worked.

LISA: That might print well.

BOYD: The other girl [in the ad] was her friend. She was from Germany and had a very thick accent.

LISA: Did you have sex with her?

BOYD: No. But my girlfriend wanted her to see my cock and--

LISA: Why?

BOYD: This was in the early '80s before genital piercings were a fad. I had the ampulang [*a bar going through the penis head*] and she told this other girl about it and the other girl was really excited about it. So we went out into her van. Her van was parked across from the police department. There was a sleep platform built in, but it was at the same level as the windows. So I was laying on this thing and they were examining my cock and they were both sucking my cock--

LISA: Wait! Wait!

BOYD: Huh?

LISA: This girl was just s'posed to view it and she suddenly starts *licking* it?

BOYD: Well, I think we got excited. I mean, I know I got excited.

LISA: Was anything said?

BOYD: Yeah--they were talking. There was a running commentary. While this was going on I could look over my shoulder and see cops going in and out of the police station and bringing prisoners in and out.

LISA: Were you touching them?

BOYD: No, I couldn't. I had to lie flat on the platform and--

LISA: Well, that doesn't sound terribly exciting for them. They just get to crawl into the van and suck your cock and it's over?

BOYD: They'd been touching each other all day at work. Maybe they were touching each other while they were with me--I couldn't see.

LISA: Name a sexually sadistic thing you've done.

BOYD: I don't even know if this is sadistic--maybe it's just mean-spirited, but this girl was complaining she was cold so I opened up all the windows and made her have sex with snow blowing in the windows.

LISA: Did she try to get away?

BOYD: Yeah--she was doing the kind of stuff you do, saying, "No! No!" It was kind of like rape.

LISA: Why do you say it was like rape?

BOYD: Because that's what it seemed like.

LISA: What do you mean--this person was smaller and less strong than you and, because she annoyed you, you overpowered and humiliated her?

BOYD: What female do you know that isn't [laughs] smaller and less strong than me? I just try to give people what they deserve. Don't you think if someone annoys you, you should annoy them back?

LISA: Are you saying you

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raped this girl?

BOYD: No. In a real rape, she wouldn't have been as....

LISA: What, wet?

BOYD: She obviously wanted it to happen. In a real rape that wouldn't have been the case. I mean, this is somebody who came after me. It wasn't me waiting in the dark for somebody and pouncing out and grabbing them from behind.

LISA: That's not the only kind of rape.

BOYD: Courting originated as rape.

LISA: Are you trying to make me angry? Why are you saying this?

You know how I feel about rape. What was her comment afterwards?

BOYD: That she enjoyed it. She liked the fact that it was freezing.

LISA: OK. I just thought it was something she definitely didn't want, and you held her down and scared her.

BOYD: She didn't want snow blowing in on her naked body, but she definitely wanted... [laughs] the rest of it.

LISA: Which girl was she?

BOYD: I don't even know.

LISA: Oh Boyd, you do too!

BOYD: I don't! It was some gal over in Germany. You can't deny that sex has an element of brutality to it. It's like when cats fuck and the male bites the skin on the female's neck so she can't get away. It's not always that dramatic with humans, but if you tried to remove every trace of the violence from sex it wouldn't be sex anymore. I used to bite people a lot. One girl got really mad and bit me back on the muscles in my shoulders and I was stiff for a long time.

LISA: Were you mad?

BOYD: Yeah, I was mad! She claimed I'd practically bitten her ear off. It was a severe bite--more than I'd intended. But you know how it is when you get carried away. I don't bite as hard now.

LISA: Why not?

BOYD: When you're young, you think the louder the music is, the better it is; the harder the sex, the better. When you get older you realize that's not always necessarily so.

LISA: So, back to this sex slave situation: is that how things would eventually go wrong--the slave bites back?

BOYD: They start rebelling against me. They really don't have any quarrel against me, because I'm just doing exactly what they said they wanted. What they're really rebelling against is themselves--because they aren't comfortable with their own desires. They have this intellectual idea that if they're in a certain position, it's demeaning to them.

LISA: So they were just flirting with being a slave--they weren't taking it seriously and you were?

BOYD: I was taking them at their word!

LISA: How long does the idyllic phase last?

BOYD: Something like that can last for a year or two. Sometimes people get tired of it really quick. Sometimes people want what they aren't stating. They say they just want sex, but they really want love and attention. Maybe they aren't being honest with me or maybe they aren't being honest with themselves. But then when they don't get [what they secretly want], they hold me responsible.

LISA: You wanted love too, didn't you? You're a

romantic person.

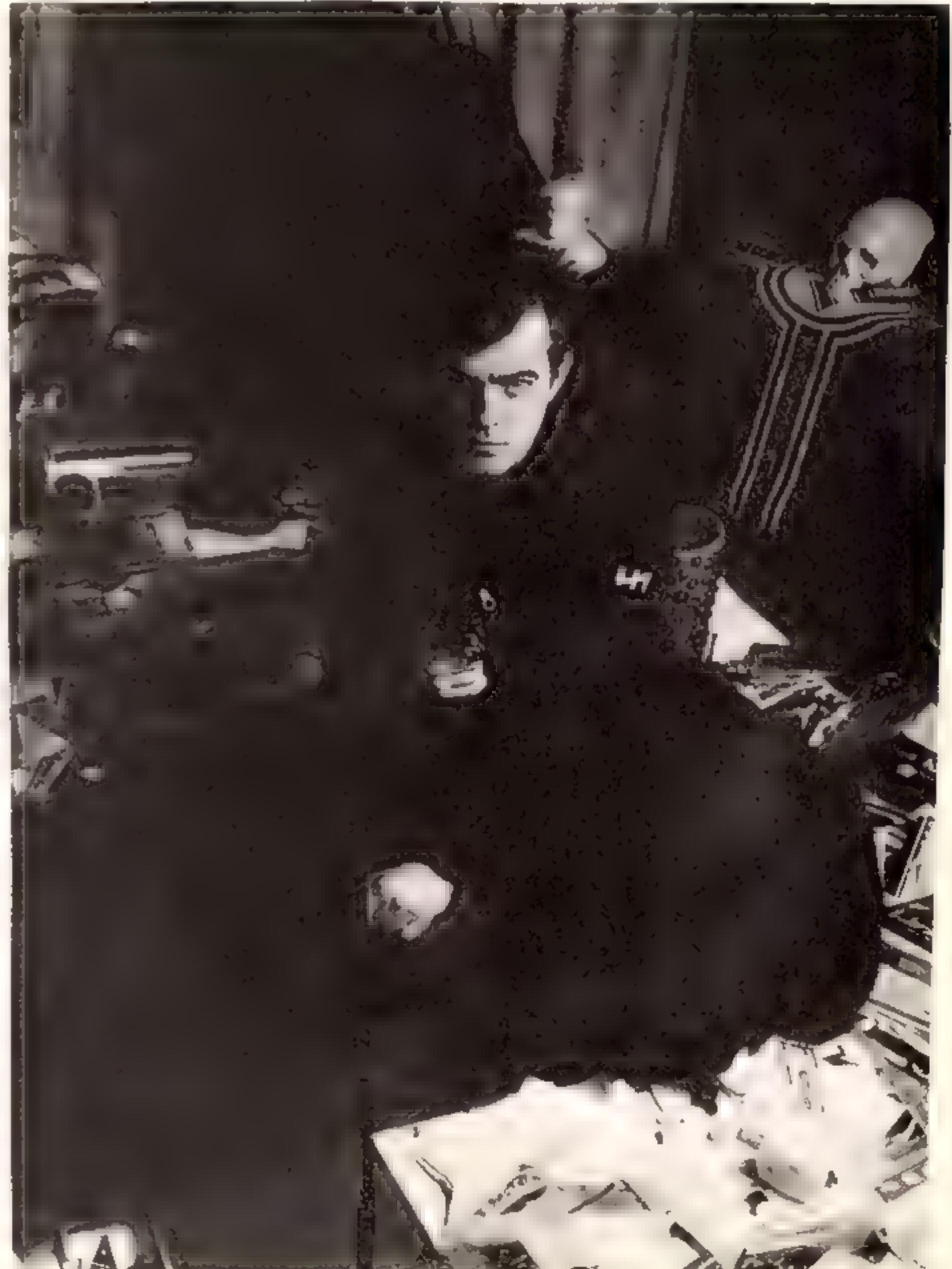
BOYD: I'm romantic, but I've always been a loner, too. I've always been self-obsessed and, you know, busy with my own private thoughts. I like to be alone. I like to pursue projects and ideas on my own. So it seems ideal when somebody wants a situation where the boundaries are clearly defined.

LISA: I find that hard to believe. You seem to find love and sex so magical and strong and desirable. I mean, when you and I have sex it's like, what's that word where you change rock to gold?

BOYD: It's lead to gold. Alchemy.

LISA: Yes--these bodies that we normally just walk around in become, I don't know, like these spiritual clouds and, at the same time, just pure, moving, violent flesh. It's really physical but it's really beyond physical, too. I mean, I know sex means something to you beyond just sticking it in and getting off. I know you feel love.

BOYD: A lot of these things you're asking me about happened in the '80s when I'd have sex with a different girl every night of the week. I had a predatory mindset at the time. It wasn't necessarily all that romantic. I wanted to have three girlfriends, but I couldn't even get along with one. Part of the problem was the world and part of the problem was me. I'm romantic, but when the world is degraded



Boyd, 1988

and you're looking for something on a higher level, finding something to satisfy you is difficult. I love sex--it means something to me, I take it seriously--but I really don't like people. People were becoming less and less interesting to me. Before I met you, my heart was getting colder and colder. It was more and more like stone.

LISA: You sound cranky. Some of your ex-girlfriends seem really neat.

BOYD: Oh, they were. They were all amazing women. Even the ones that I hate now, I can still remember what was amazing about them.

LISA: What was your first sexual experience like?

BOYD: It was miserable. For years I'd been looking at pictures of pussies and thinking, "This is gonna be so good." The reason it was so miserable was that, after masturbating for years, [intercourse] seemed so imprecise. My cock wasn't used to what a pussy feels like, and it was like sticking my erect penis into a big marshmallow. There wasn't enough pressure. It seemed mushy.

LISA: How did you learn to like it?

BOYD: Well, it was rotten, but I didn't want to stop doing it. We kept thinking, "If we do it long enough, we must get the hang of it." And we tried all these different things, like cock rings, and nothing made a difference. Then one time we did it out in a field, and the wind was blowing, and it was super exciting--and it just felt great for both of us. And it's just gotten better and better ever since, right up till today.

LISA: And how old were you?

BOYD: [laughs] You're gonna let me explain why I waited so long, aren't you?

LISA: No--I'm just gonna say, "Boyd was so ugly he couldn't get laid till he was 22."

BOYD: I was 21! For Christ's sakes!

LISA: [laughs] It is really remarkable. Because you had the opportunity.

BOYD: Oh yeah, there was plenty of opportunity. I had more gals after me than the guys on the football team. There was this one gal--she looked exactly like Sharon Tate. She had great big breasts and honey-blonde hair like Sharon Tate. And then there was another girl--

LISA: So why did you wait? Why did you turn down Sharon Tate's honey-blonde offer?

BOYD: [laughs]

LISA: Were you crazy?

BOYD: I think I was. At the time I was really into the idea of discipline. I'd been completely, completely hedonistic up to that point, and then I got really excited about the idea of discipline and the will and testing how far I could push myself beyond my normal physical limitations. I would fast, not for one or two days, but for ten or 13 days in a row. I guess I did things like that to develop self-command. And I didn't want to surrender myself. I would see my peers using drugs and becoming stupider and stupider, and I thought, "Jesus. These people are losing themselves--losing themselves to a phenomena." And I withdrew from drugs. I felt the same way in regards to sex. I'd see people around me just going crazy over women, and acting like *dogs*. Completely losing control. It seemed to me there was something ominous going on. One day I saw these guys hollering at this statuesque cheerleader and I thought, "I'm not going to fall into that trap."

LISA: Did you ever consider it's a manifestation of misogyny: you did not want to be in a female's power?

BOYD: I don't think it had anything to do with misogyny. It was just an extension of my other ideas. It had nothing to do with females per se--I was nuts about girls. I just felt that once you open that door.... It was just a can of worms I didn't want to open at that time. I felt I'd be better able to pursue my interests if I didn't get involved with that. [Sex] seemed to be something I could get really into and go off the deep end.

LISA: And you *did* go off the deep end once you started. 'Cause that's when you had the 26-hour sex episode in England, right?

BOYD: [laughs] It was longer than 26 hours. It was a couple days at least. Day blurred into night and night blurred into day. I had some sort of flu and I was feverish and had to stay in bed anyway.

LISA: I've never heard of *anything* like that before in my life. Didn't the skin on your genitals get red and rub off?

BOYD: Yeah, after a while.

LISA: How can you have sex for two days straight? That's weird.

BOYD: It's not weird. I was girl-crazy. I put off having sex for 21 years, and then when I finally did have it, I jumped in head first. [laughs]

LISA: Why stop at all? Why not go for three days?

BOYD: Oh, 'cause Jon Savage came over to interview me. I said, "I didn't think you were coming till Friday." He said, "Boyd, it is Friday."

LISA: Would you say you're a sex maniac?

BOYD: Yeah.

LISA: I thought you were going to deny it.

BOYD: [laughs] That's not something I can very well deny, is it?

LISA: I thought you were gonna say, "I'm exercising normal, healthy, male impulses."

BOYD: I don't think it's normal. I think I have an extra-large appetite...and a great deal of enthusiasm. I mean, I *guess* I do.

LISA: You do. There are so many juicy things you won't let me ask you about in print--like your blood candies.

BOYD: That stuff is just so easily trivialized--made to seem hoaky. I was into blood fetishism since I was a kid, and I had a whole philosophy relating to blood and the mythology of blood. Since then, books have come out and people have "gotten into" blood. And when I hear other people talking about it, it sounds so trite.

LISA: How many of those people stick a needle into their penis and put the blood into sugar and give these candies to girls they don't know? I've certainly never heard of that before.

BOYD: I discussed it for a German magazine, and I wish I'd never done it.

LISA: Well, that's in German. We speak English.

BOYD: And I talked about it in *Hustler*.

LISA: That was ages ago, and no one reads *Hustler*.

BOYD: Thank goodness!

LISA: Boyd! You should respect your sex life.

BOYD: That was one tiny part of the wide spectrum of my sex life.

LISA: I'll tell about my blood past. When I was 17, I'd cut my palms open and drink the blood! I had an altar, even! I don't care if a bunch of death rockers are bleeding all over *their* altars--I bled all over *my* altar, and I'm glad I did! If you cut something out of your life because it's gotten hip or comical, you're only hurting yourself. How would you like it if I stopped wearing garter belts just because lots of other people wear them? You'd be sad! I had my reasons for cutting my palms open. It was a thrill for me. I'll admit it! I think what you did was more interesting, more unique. Because you gave [the candy] to women you don't know. [Of course, this was before AIDS.] It's like an intimate act shared and they didn't even know. Or maybe they guessed? They had your penis blood in their mouth! It's violating!

BOYD: Hm.

LISA: I think it has mystique.

BOYD: Hm.

LISA: You're not convinced.

BOYD: Nn-nn. It's personal.

LISA: Will you tell about your peeping?

BOYD: Uh...

LISA: What sort of things would you see?

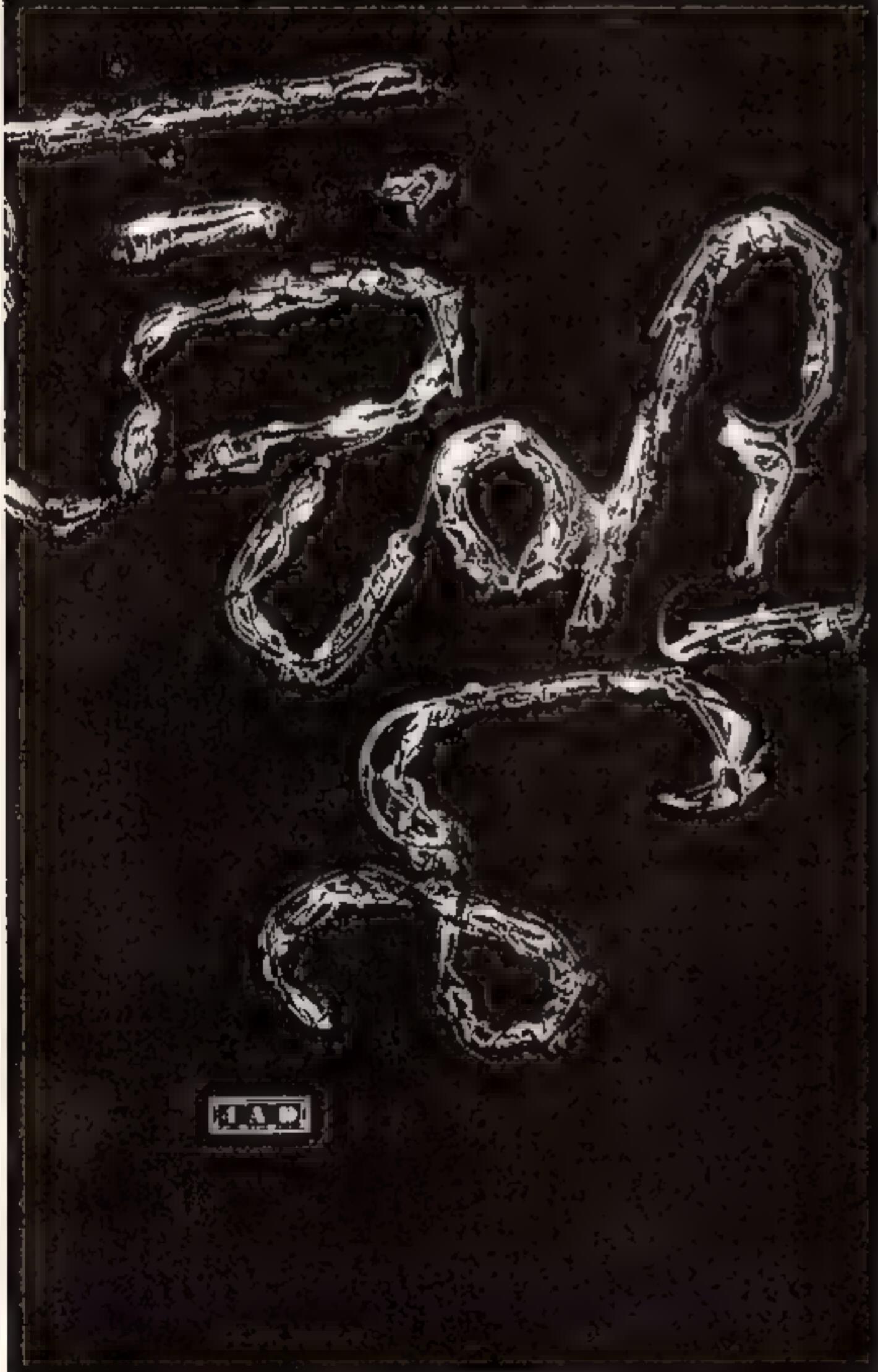
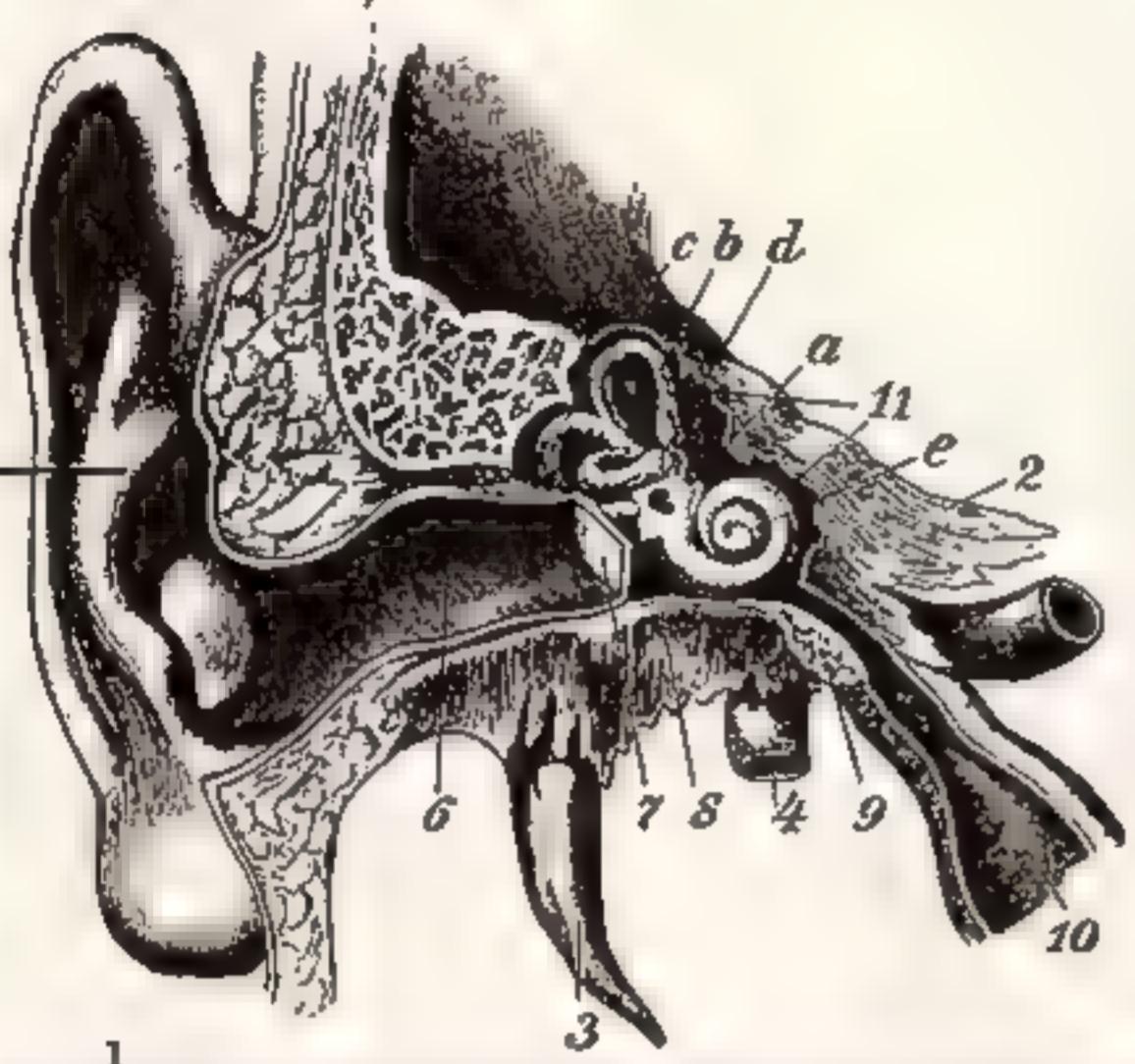
BOYD: You could see people watching TV. There was one apartment where two gals were usually in various stages of undress and they'd

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sit on this big bed watching TV and they didn't have a remote, so they'd get up every two minutes or so to change the channel. I just thought it was really interesting, watching people when they didn't know they were watched. It was really exciting. It's kind of like watching monkeys in the zoo. They'll take their socks off and smell them, or a woman will absently play with her pussy while reading or talking on the phone, and then smell her fingers. People really do seem like some sort of animals in cages when you're watching them do what they normally do in their protected environment. Sometimes people would be having sex, and you could see parts of the stuff going on.

LISA: What other kinds of things besides starving yourself and not having sex for 21 years did you do to exercise your will?

BOYD: I'd blank out my mind and find out what kind of physical sensations I could take, in terms of pain or whatever. The actual sensation of, say, a needle going into your skin is not that severe; a person's fear of the discomfort is far greater.

LISA: If you stuck a needle into your skin, would you feel nothing?

BOYD: I could control what I felt. I could make it feel pleasant; I could feel nothing...mostly I would try to find out what was interesting about the sensation. I went to a cove in Southern California to go snorkeling with this gal I hadn't seen in a long, long time, and the water was really freezing. When it's that cold, you can go in an inch at a time and get acclimated to it, but when you get to the point where it hits your testicles, it feels like needles of ice going into your balls--you have to turn around and leave. So I was going back to shore and this girl said, "Wait a minute--what about this theory of yours that physical phenomena is just one part sensation and nine parts imagination? What about that, huh?" And it was like a switch went on in my mind. I said, "Oh, of course!" And I walked into the water clear out up to my neck, and I felt perfectly fine.

LISA: Then you should be able to not feel ticklish when I tickle you.

BOYD: OK--go ahead.

LISA: A-ticky-ticky! A-ticky-ticky!

BOYD: Ah, ha, ha, ha--stop!

LISA: What's the matter, Boyd? Got no will?

BOYD: It's not the physical sensation--it's your "ticky-ticky's and your big grin. OK, baby--I'm ready. [Boyd gets a scary willpower look on his face, and I'm reluctant to touch him.] C'mon, tickle me. Tickle me or I'm going to tickle you! I'm going to tickle you! [I straddle him and tickle his underarms and ribs and he doesn't laugh. It's weird, and I don't like it!]

LISA: My father would always do mind over reality stuff. We'd be walking home at night in January and I'd be shivering and he'd say, "If you don't want to be cold, just don't be cold." So I'd say, "OK, I'm not cold." He'd say, "Why are you walking all hunched over like that, then? It's 70 degrees." And then I would believe him--it really felt 70 degrees, even though it was about five degrees. Did you consider what you did training for something in particular?

BOYD: Even as early as elementary school I thought I'd eventually be a criminal. Part of having sex with all these girls was seeing how easily I could get into people's good graces, get into somebody's house. I was polishing my finesse. I planned to apply what I'd learned to my future life of crime. I'd seek people out and see how easily I could get them to go where I wanted them to go, do what I wanted them to do.

LISA: Did I ever tell you I was having crime fantasies concerning you and me when we were first falling in love?

BOYD: You sort of did once.

LISA: Anything I've ever tried to do, I've gotten away with. So I thought, "Why not do something really...uh, beneficial!" [laughs] Something big. I wanted to go on a spree. Because most crimes go unsolved--I think perpetrators are only caught one out of ten times. And if you're intelligent and not on drugs and innocent-looking

like I am, your chances are much better. But now I would never do it because of the off-chance that I would be caught and put in jail--I wouldn't want to be away from Wolfgang. Did you have crime plans with me, too? Or was I all alone in my fantasies?

BOYD: [laughs]

LISA: I thought you were sending me secret messages in your letters! I was thinking, "Oh, when he says *this*, he means *this*."

BOYD: [laughs] No, I wasn't sending you secret messages.

LISA: And I thought I was so stealthy! I guess I better get back to the interview now. Who's your best ex-girlfriend?

BOYD: The one who looked like Julie Newmar [Catwoman].

LISA: Not every lady looks like a '60s actress, you know. Some ladies look like *themselves*, not Angelique on *Dark Shadows* [one of the actresses Boyd says I look like].

BOYD: Hey, I'm just a witness. I'm not making this up. We'd go to gun shows and everyone would say, "Has anyone ever told you you look just like Catwoman?"

LISA: Did you have love with her? Or was she just a slave?

BOYD: We had love. She was into Odinism and all the old gods. She was really, really smart, really strong.

LISA: What are some unusual places you've had sex in?

BOYD: Well, I've done it in a hearse.

LISA: In a hearse?

BOYD: There was this 1938 hearse I wanted to buy. The back was all lined with mohair. The door was unlocked. So I went there one evening with a gal.

LISA: What's your excitement about death?

BOYD: That just happened to be a place. I didn't want to bring gals here, and--

LISA: Why not?

BOYD: Because I didn't bring gals in my room. I felt my room was my *sanctum sanctorum*. It was a very, very private place. I hadn't let anyone in my room for five years, then I made an exception and let this girl in and the first thing she did was pick up my loaded gun, point it at a prized possession of mine, and pulled the trigger. Luckily the safety catch was on.

LISA: What prized possession?

BOYD: My Hitler bust.

LISA: How much did the Hitler bust cost?

BOYD: A couple hundred bucks. But the price is beside the point.

LISA: Do you think she did it because she was opposed to Hitler?

BOYD: No--I think she was showing off. I don't know why she did it. She did a bunch of stupid stuff. I think she was one of these girls who is starved for attention and wants to do something bad so you'll be angry at her, and while you're angry at her she'll be getting all the attention.

LISA: So did she get a lot of attention?

BOYD: Yeah, she got a lot of attention. I had to physically pick her up and throw her out of my apartment and lock the door. She stood in the hallway for a long time pounding on the door, yelling, "Let me in! Let me in!" So no one but me entered my room for ten years, until I let you in.

LISA: So far you've mentioned a threesome with a German girl and a Nordic girl, and a girl shooting your gun at your Hitler bust.

BOYD: What are you saying?

LISA: I'm saying it doesn't look good for those people who defend you, saying you're not really a Nazi.

BOYD: The girl who everyone says looks like Julie Newmar looked Jewish.

LISA: Was she?

BOYD: She claims she wasn't.

LISA: What, you doubted her?

BOYD: Well, her features were very unusual. They didn't look like any specific nationality or race. The people at the Odinist group all seemed to think she was Jewish. They felt she was part of some Fed-

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eral agency that was infiltrating their group or something. [laughs]

LISA: Have you ever gone out with Jewish girls?

BOYD: No--way too neurotic. Andrea Juno is Jewish. She never made a secret of the fact that she wanted to have sex with me. And that was not an exciting proposition for me. But then this girlfriend of mine said, "Well, you know, Boyd, she's kind of cute. Maybe the three of us should have sex together." So I said to Andrea, "How about it?" And she said, "Well, gee...I'd like to, but, you know, I'm really busy now. When I'm done with this project..." [laughs] She was always making a big deal out of talking about sex in front of everyone, trying to come off as some sort of wild woman, but when push came to shove the idea of a threesome scared the hell out of her. She withered.

LISA: Well, not everyone has to want to have sex with two other people at once. Maybe she wanted to be alone with you.

BOYD: She was just always talking about exploring your sexuality and how free she was and complaining about how uptight people are. She was annoying.

LISA: I thought you went out with all these Jewish girls.

BOYD: Why'd you think that?

LISA: I don't know. I guess 'cause it seems like you have a lot of Jewish friends. I know of at least one Jewish girl you had sex with.

BOYD: She was a complete neurotic cunt from hell. I'm not saying all Jewish girls are--I'm just saying the ones who have been drawn to me are.

LISA: Oh--something to do with the Nazi connection?

BOYD: Yeah.

LISA: You think the Jewish girls attracted to you find it sexually exciting that their forebears were murdered by Nazis and now they'll have sex with someone who they think is a Nazi?

BOYD: Yeah. Erica Jong, she's Jewish. What did she say: "Every

girl secretly fantasizes about being raped by a Nazi."?

LISA: "...being stomped by a fascist's boots" or something like that.

BOYD: [laughs] Well, the time I ran into Erica Jong, I was dressed in a complete fascist paramilitary uniform, and she was making goo-goo eyes at me. She obviously found it intriguing. [They didn't have sex because, Boyd says, "she was too goony."] That girl I had sex with, it was a big goddamn deal to her.

LISA: In what way?

BOYD: She just kept dwelling on it, even after I'd explained [my views] to her satisfaction. She kept saying, "But you're this guy who's into Hitler and I'm a Jew." Over and over.

LISA: I can't believe the way you talk to her when she calls.

BOYD: She's a reptile. She's thick-skinned and a little nuts, so it's not enough to say, "We don't have anything in common." You have to say, "You're a worthless piece of shit. Don't ever call me again."

LISA: You don't just say that. You take your time insulting her. You've denied it, but I swear you get a thrill out of being so mean. You could've just hung up.

BOYD: She wasn't the kind of person who would be dissuaded by just being hung up on. All these people still come up to me at The Lion's Lair and say she told them she was my girlfriend. I wanted it to be very clear to her that that was not the case.

LISA: Ever have sex with an Asian?

BOYD: No.

LISA: Oh yeah, that's right--I went through the races with you a long time ago. You've only had sex with white girls. And one neurotic Jew.

BOYD: And boy!, that's the last time I ever try that variation! [laughs]

LISA: You think this is funny. You think this is gonna go over well with my readers.

Erica Jong, author "Breath is my favorite word today. It is like flesh, but more ethereal. Like breast, but even warmer and moister. It begins with lips together, but it ends with lips open and the tongue touching the palate's arch. All of life is in this word. And it rhymes with nothing but death. That should tell us something."

dition. That's not neuroticism.

LISA: Yeah, well my mom is Baptist--or she was--and she doesn't...uh, I guess I don't know any ancient Baptist traditions. What do you like about sex in public places?

BOYD: I find it stimulating. Don't you? Doesn't it feel good having the night wind blow up against your thighs and your private parts? The chilliness on your sex organs makes you feel more naked. You really liked it at the Wave Organ [a jetty in San Francisco made out of old tombstones]--the boat went past and that guy on deck could see us.

LISA: It was a romantic setting. What are some other outdoor places you've, uh, explored your sensual side at?

BOYD: The park over here.

LISA: The park where we take Wolfgang?

BOYD: Uh-huh.

LISA: Who did you have sex with there? Do I know her?

BOYD: Nope. There, and at the Christian Mystical church down the road--behind the bushes there. Maybe this sounds a bit too crude. Does this sound like what some dude would do?

LISA: Well, yeah.

BOYD: An old girlfriend of mine would crawl under the table and

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BRANCH MANAGER

suck my cock in a restaurant.

LISA: Now that, Boyd, is *crude*.

BOYD: That's not crude. It was exciting. It was fun

LISA: Yes, it was exciting and fun for *you*, but people were trying to eat their *dinner*.

BOYD: It was a dark restaurant with an intimate atmosphere. The booths were like private compartments. You couldn't really see in. They had beaded curtains.

LISA: Where else outdoors have you done it?

BOYD: Well, after you saying "What's your thing with death?", I didn't want to mention taking gals to the graveyard.

LISA: Well, what *is* your thing with death?

BOYD: Cemeteries are just a nice, private place. I've always liked them. I'd have sex in mausoleums, or crawling up on the roofs of mausoleums. It's a good place.

LISA: Well *I* have a thing with death. I like to have sex in graveyards because it's like you're really alive and they're really dead. Here are their decomposing physical bodies all around your very alive, fucking bodies. It adds a supernatural or historic element to the sex. It's something about the cycle of life. It's like what you said about the cool night air on your privates making you more aware you're naked--fucking around dead people makes you more aware you're alive. And fucking is a real alive thing to do.

BOYD: It's happenin'.

LISA: What do you like about sex?

BOYD: [laughs] Hm. [laughs] I like the pleasure. I like women. I like pursuing women. And I like what happens once I catch 'em. I

like hearing the fair sex scream really loud. It's fun to give yourself over to your animal passions; there's not many areas of life where you can do that. It's fun to see a woman get carried away like that, because women are usually reserved. I like the way women smell. I like the way they feel--all that softness. I don't like it when women are too hard and muscular. And people's attitudes toward sex, the different ways people behave during sex--that's interesting to see. Some people are in a state of complete abandonment and other people stiffen up like a board.

LISA: You had sex with someone who did that?

BOYD: Yes. Several girls--to varying degrees.

LISA: Stiff like this? [demonstrates]

BOYD: Yes.

LISA: And you could maintain an erection throughout that?

BOYD: Yes. The only thing I could think of is they had to stiffen up like that to get their clitoris in the proper position.

LISA: Did you ever think they might be terrified of you?

BOYD: I thought they might be terrified of sex.

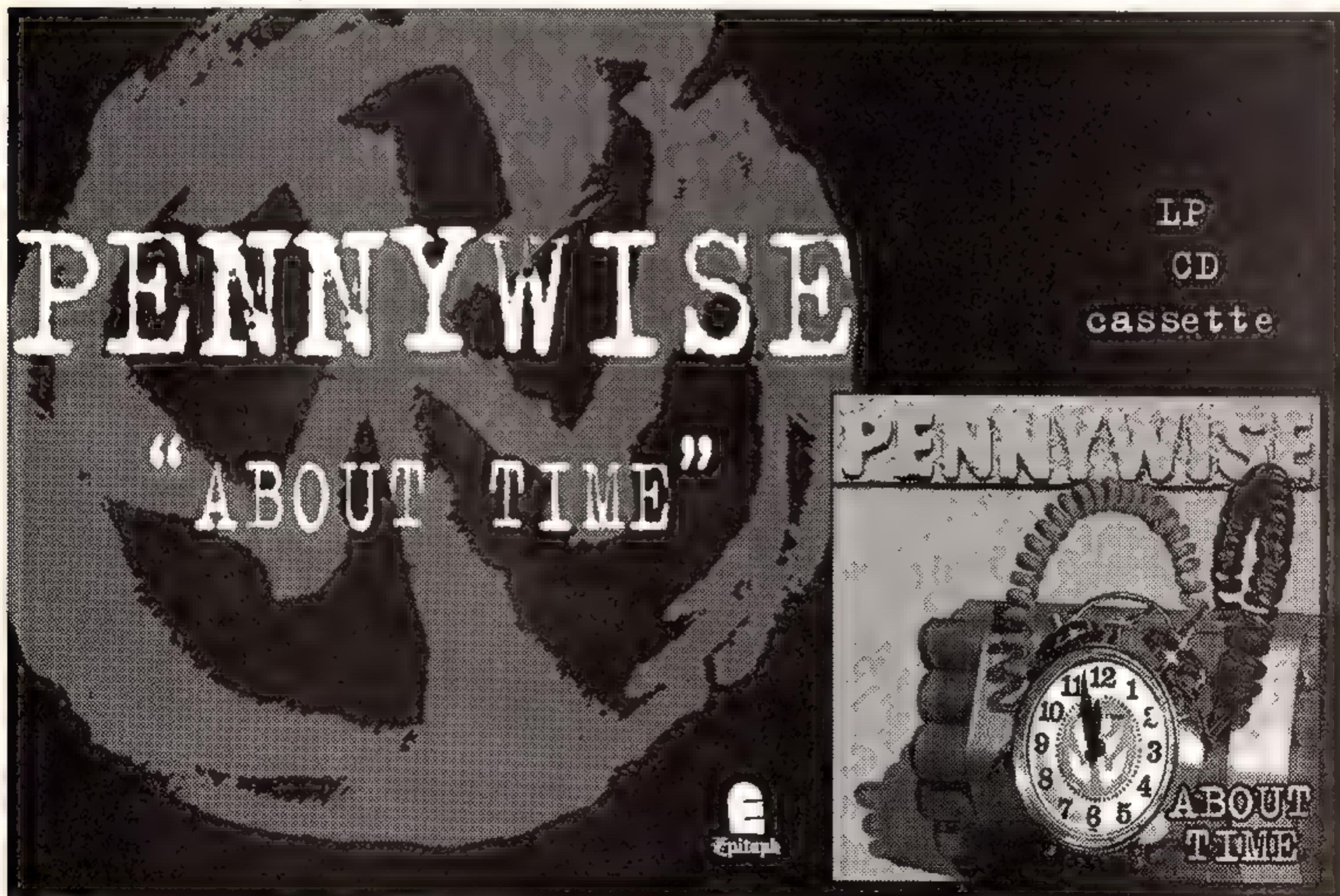
LISA: Would I recognize any of these girls' names?

BOYD: One of them was the one who told me she cried herself to sleep for a month because I was a horrible person and I'd treated her so terribly.

LISA: The crazy one who you later found out had plans to kill you?

BOYD: No, not that one. I told you--they're all crazy.

Boyd Rice, PO Box 300081, Denver CO 80218





hen I was seven, I took swimming lessons from Phil Collins (not the famous singer). The other lifeguards knew I had a really big crush on Phil and they teased him about it. I think he enjoyed it, it fed his ego somehow. I begged him for a picture of himself and he gave me one. I still have it.

--Katherine Prudhomme

Love came late to me. I never dated in high school and had only a few minor flings in college. I met my first love at the age of 22 on the Internet. First we sent each other inquisitive e-mail, then slightly suggestive messages, and eventually very suggestive letters and phone calls. We never had much to say to each other, so our phone conversations always turned into phone sex. Despite the lack of conversation, the calls would often last five or six hours. We didn't talk well when we met either. We just had sex a lot, and I showed her the sights of Eastern Oklahoma (she was a New Yorker). We visited each other a few more times, and then we split up a few months ago.

--Joel McLemore

I was in the first grade and Stacey was in the second grade. Even then, the mystique of the older woman appealed to me. I boldly wrote "I love you" in a Christmas card to her. Finally, a reply from my fair maiden came! One of her friends handed ME the note, expertly folded and taped! It read, in enchanting curled girl-writing, "I like you too." I sent her a note with a piece of grape bubble gum from a cereal box. When she said she liked the gum, I sent her more, and a ring with a HUGE blue stone. I paid two bucks for it at the school bazaar. She turned red and giggled when I gave it to her. I dreamt of the day when we would hold hands, and carried a small vial of Scope so I could quickly gargle if she ever wanted to kiss me. Two of her friends approached me one day at school and said, "Stacey wants to meet you behind the classroom." I quickly used the Scope and met her. She asked me a question I could not answer. "Why do you like me?" I didn't know. Why did I have to have a reason? I felt embarrassed and incredibly stupid. I shrugged and walked off, my bubble broken. I never spoke to her again.

--K. S. Anthony

Mike and I went to Enchanted Castle on our first date. I was a sophomore; he was a senior. That was January 14. Two weeks later I finally kissed him. February 14 he told me he loved me, which was very tragic. I would make silly little gifts for him Sunday night and give them to him Monday morning at school. We always spoke French to each other. So when I told him "Je t'aime" and he gave no answer, I knew there was trouble. Then next day I heard "Let's be friends"--in English. I turned psycho and started stalking him. We were on and off like crazy. I wrote him this poem and had a friend deliver it. It included the lines: "You touch me right to drive me wild/You're a sly wild varlet" and "You call me when you're in a rut/I'm not your angel from heaven/I'm your god-damn slut." He retaliated with a poem of his own: "You're a fucking slutty runt... always phony, doing things just to be neat/You're so pretentious; I don't eat meat." We stayed in touch and now that he's home from college for the sum-

mer I sneak out about twice a week so we can have sex. I started [high] school (Senior year--YAY!) two days ago, and my friend Sheri and I are hatching evil plans. Not evil, wicked
--Liz Armstrong

I was sitting on a bench, sipping a Slurpee, when a boy ran up to me, mumbled something I couldn't make out, and rolled under my bench. Finally he came out from under my skirt, eyes wide. He was hiding from someone but I wasn't sure who. "Hey," he said. I was instantly in love. "I'm Jed. Who are you?" He grabbed my hand and pulled me into a nearby alley. It was dim and cool. We sat on a collapsed cardboard box and held hands. An incredibly delicious wall of smell emanated from him like incense burning--sandalwood, patchouli and unwashed body. He started kissing me and then stuck his hand under my shirt. I felt really sleepy. I was trying to not let him get his hand under my bra.

He started calling me in the middle of the night. I'd sleep with the phone by my bed and pick it up before the ringing could wake my mom. We'd talk for hours, holding the phone up to the radio when a cool song came on. We'd get stoned and watch Japanese cartoons on his tiny TV in the afternoon. We fought a lot, and it was always dramatic. He was forever jumping out of a moving car, he'd knock me to the ground, throw things, threaten to kill himself, etc. Sometimes he'd have psychotic fits and his mom would call and ask me to come sleep with him to calm him down. Finally she couldn't take it anymore and had him taken to a psychiatric hospital. He called me and told me his elaborate escape plan that involved him running after a soccer ball in the yard and then just running running running until he got to my car. Then we'd just drive off together forever and start new lives. Instead, when he got out a week later, he was really different, and we started to drift apart. He found another girlfriend, and my heart broke.

--Prunella Scales

On the schoolbus on the first day of junior high, I saw this girl across the aisle who resembled some of my older brother's friends. I asked, "Are you related to the McManus family?" "No," was her short response, but later in class roll call I found out she indeed was a McManus girl: Katie. Katie wasn't like the other girls. She was brassy, gum-smacking, street-smart, sarcastic and ironic (this was long before irony became mandatory among our youth). I would get thrown out of gym class so I could sit with her in the administrator's office (she had asthma). I never pursued her--I'm not that kind

of guy--and when we went to different high schools I never saw her again. Oh--wait a minute--that wasn't technically my first love. That was in Mrs. Mulready's third-grade class. The Love Triumvirate. I had such a big crush on these three girls, I promised myself I'd give them each 12 kisses (on the cheek) every day. The teacher called me the "kissing bandit" because I'd sneak up on the girls or chase them around the room to achieve my goal. Christy Guineau (The Airhead Beauty) was the easiest to catch, followed by Michelle Malloy (The Girl Next Door) who'd sometimes put up a good fight. The third gal, Karen Corneau (The Uptight Nerd), was harder to capture, due to her advanced fingernail skills. Often with Karen I'd have to give up, having only managed eight to 11 kisses.

--Ivan Badboy





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Ivan Badboy

Ivan Badboy writes tracts which he calls "Logic Updates." Ivan brings out the contrary nature in people. He's just lucky this interview was conducted over the phone, else I would've had to bop him over his unlogical head.

LISA: You said in one of your tracts that the two ugliest words in the English language are "I want." And that it's not natural or healthy to want to kiss someone you find attractive. And you've chosen to be celibate for the rest of your life.

IVAN: I sleep with this girl Julie platonically. She wants to have sex, and I say, "No no no--our friendship *transcends* that." But for fun I asked her best friend to sleep with me--platonically--and Julie said, "How can you ask my fucking *best friend* to sleep with you?" I said, "Woah woah woah--if you cared about any of us, rather than just cared about yourself, you would say it's up to *her* to decide, not *you*. But you don't care about us--you care about yourself. Greed greed greed. Possessiveness possessiveness possessiveness possessiveness. Everything has two sides. Pasta can be good, pasta can be bad. Gun can be good, gun can be bad. Possessiveness can be good, possessiveness can be bad...and *evil*. Now being pleasurable is different from being good. You say when a man is possessive, it's pleasurable to you. Does that make it any less sinister, though?

LISA: I don't find it sinister at all.

IVAN: As long as you're aware of it.... Testosterone is just ego superjuice. Men want their *name* to go down in history, men want everything.

LISA: So?

IVAN: When a man sees a woman, he thinks, "Oh God, I would love to talk to her." Then after he talks to her, he thinks, "Oh God, I would love to kiss her." Then he gets to kiss her and he thinks, "Oh God, all I want is to fuck her." He fucks her, and then what happens with most men is, there's nothing left to want. They're never satisfied. So if you're smart, you stay away from what you want--you keep the illusion, which is usually better than the reality anyway, right?

LISA: I'm wondering if you've just never had a good relationship.

IVAN: No, not at all--that's not it. I've had good relationships. You know Emma Thompson, the actress? I love her, love her! And it's not fair that Kenneth Branagh met her before me. Would you agree that most love relationships are luck?

LISA: No. I hunt down my prey.

IVAN: Well, you're unusual.

LISA: Well, go hunt down *your* prey. I don't feel bad for you. If you really want Emma Thompson, go get her. She says she's happily married, so you probably won't succeed, but you never know until you try.

IVAN: But he had a head start. That's not fair.

LISA: It is too fair.

IVAN: Why should he be the only man on this planet allowed to kiss her lips? It's not right.

LISA: It's totally right! If you're exactly what's right for her, she'll leave him for you. You must not be right for her. Maybe for no other reason than you're the type of person who, instead of trying to tell her your feelings, you're talking to *me* about it.

IVAN: No--there's so many social stigmas attached to leaving one's husband. I think most people are not in

touch with themselves, and they're susceptible to everything from peer pressure to religion.

LISA: So if Emma Thompson were true to herself, she'd be with you right now?

IVAN: If she met me and liked me but said, "I can't go with him because I'm married," then she's not being true to herself.

LISA: Oh, I think anyone will find any excuse to do what they really want to do. They'll find a way to justify it in their mind.

IVAN: You're different though, and most of the people you know are different. Most people are inhibited.

LISA: You have to set them free, Ivan! Set Emma Thompson free!

IVAN: People are afraid to try things they haven't tried before. My friend Brad says, "I love Chinese girls." I said, "What are you going to do about it?" He said, "Oh, I don't think they'd waste their time with me. I'm short and this and that...." I said, "You're a schlep, in other words. You don't have the guts."

LISA: He doesn't really want to be with a Chinese girl--he wants to dream about being with a Chinese girl.

IVAN: No, he *does* want to.

LISA: He does *not*!

IVAN: He's a spineless person. Most people are cowards.

LISA: You're 27 years old. What made you decide to never have sex again?

IVAN: A pastrami sandwich is pleasurable, but I will not eat it.

LISA: Yeah, but you gotta murder an animal to eat meat--you don't have to murder someone to have sex with 'em.

IVAN: Sure, but I break somebody's heart.

LISA: Oh, Ivan, you heartbreaker! The girls are pining!

IVAN: When I was with my ex-wife, I shut off my brain. I started littering, listening to Judas Priest, having sex--all that terrible stuff. I would eat at Burger King, you name it--I did it all. My ex-wife was everything that I resent in people--she was totally vapid, totally phony. Her sister I also had a crush on. Her sister was my type: total nerd, intellectual--charming girl. And she said to my ex-wife, "You always get everything. You even get Ivan." My ex-wife told me that and I said, "She's absolutely right. If I'm going to be in love with somebody, it should be somebody who needs it. *Not you*." 'Cause she had lots of guys knocking on her door. Why does everybody want to give love to the same few people?

LISA: For a good reason--because they're talented at being charming and making people fall in love with them.

IVAN: What about the schleps out there who don't *have* charisma? They don't have looks, they maybe don't even have intelligence--they don't deserve love? They do!

LISA: That's like saying if you're not mathematically inclined, you still *deserve* to be able to solve equations easily.

IVAN: I think that is a bad analogy.

LISA: I think that is a good analogy. Mathematical genius is an innate quality that you can work on just like charisma is an innate quality that you can work on.

IVAN: Maybe, but the last girl I went out with, she was so lovable, but she wore glasses and was a nerd. Everyone said, "Ivan, she's a nice person, but *come on*--she's ugly!"

LISA: Well, they're just being superficial. Lovability doesn't depend on the looks you're born with.

IVAN: Christie Brinkley doesn't need more love. I think we should give love to those who are *needy*. A lot of love

comes from familiarity. There's an open mike down the street here on the Lower East Side where a motley crew of dysfunctional people get up and read bad poetry or monologues. And the first time I went, I thought, "They're all talentless. They're hideous!" And I went again the next week, and I thought, "They're all misfits and they're all talentless, but I like them as they are." I think a lot of the things we dislike, we don't actually dislike--we just didn't give them a chance. Some of the girls I like most now I thought were really unattractive physically and personality-wise when I first met them. But I didn't stay away from them. I try to keep an open mind about everything. You can't just go by instinct. Instinct *sucks!* I rally against human nature. That's why humans suck--'cause they follow their nature. "I wanna be an asshole, I'll *be* an asshole." Or, "I'm getting mad, so I'm gonna punch somebody." They follow their greed, they follow their anger--they're idiots. That's why I'm celibate--sex is an instinct, and I hate when I give in to my human nature. People say, "You're never going to have sex again? How terrible." But I say, "You're probably never going to hang glide naked covered in peanut butter? How terrible!" There are so many pleasurable things to do in life.

LISA: Yeah, but you don't wake up already covered in peanut butter with your body in the hang gliding position. But you *do* wake up with an erection. That's your body telling you, "Ivan, I was born to fuck!" Or, if you're female, you wake up totally hot to trot sometimes.

IVAN: You can fight your nature.

LISA: So why don't you stop breathing?

IVAN: I wish I could.

LISA: It's easy. You know what you do? You go shoot yourself.

IVAN: I can't. I can't afford a gun.

LISA: OK--jump off a tall building.

IVAN: That's irresponsible--I could fall on someone.

LISA: OK, I'll tell you what. Go to a doctor, tell him you have insomnia, get some sleeping pills, and give yourself an overdose. No one's hurt but you.

IVAN: That's the problem--I *want* to kill myself. And "I want" is bad. I want to eat pastrami, I want to die: I can't do either.

LISA: Just think--if you kill yourself, that's one want you're giving into, but think of *all* the other wants you're keeping yourself from fulfilling that way!

IVAN: *Or*, I could just live my life *fighting* my wants, which is a pain in the ass.

LISA: You *want* to fight yourself--so you're giving in to that big want. You hedonist! You better kill yourself *quick*, because your enjoyment is getting out of hand.

IVAN: That's like the philosophical argument that masochism can't exist, because if you enjoy pain, it's not pain anymore.

LISA: You're evading the issue with all this philosophy talk. I'm telling you, you gotta kill yourself *now*. I'll hang on the line while you do it.

IVAN: I would agree with what you said. But the fact is, I don't enjoy people, and my whole *life* is dedicated to confronting people. It's already been hell so far, and every day I stay on this planet doesn't benefit me.

LISA: Kill yourself, Ivan.

IVAN: The human soul lies and the human heart *lies* to us. I--

LISA: You gotta kill yourself.

IVAN: I know I have to! But I can't yet--because it would be the easy

way out.

LISA: No, it's hard. Believe me, it's difficult. It's scary. It's painful. It's not easy.

IVAN: No, 'cause killing myself would be the fastest exit.

LISA: You can make it long. You could make it last 18 hours. Every minute of agony would be like a year.

IVAN: But you don't understand--I have to be the president in 2004. 'Cause if I'm not the president, *who will be?* They're all vegetables.

LISA: I think you are a hypocrite who happens to hate hypocrites, so you sit around all day constructing all these philosophies to convince yourself that you're sincere.

IVAN: That argument *sounds* good. Too bad it isn't legitimate. I *am* sincere. I am aware of my desires and then I analyze what's the right way to follow through on those desires. I think that *is* sincere.

[Ivan and I spent the next \$5 of my phone bill yelling back and forth about human nature, not knowing side one of my tape had already run out. Side two begins with:]

IVAN: Say you're a Republican businessman who believes, "I should be able to make as much money as I want." Let's say you screw everyone over--if that's your personal philosophy, fine. Of course, if some little punk mugs your wallet filled with cash, you can't complain. Because he's doing the same thing you're doing.

LISA: A businessman creates necessary items and a thief creates nothing.

IVAN: He helps the economy because what's he going to do with that money? He's going to spend it.

LISA: Ivan, he still didn't create anything.

IVAN: He's creating misery. Which is what that businessman did.

LISA: Maybe that businessman was nice to his employees and maybe he was foul. Either way, he also created the Bic pens that you use to write your tracts.

IVAN: Even with him out of there, the Bic pens would be created.

LISA: But *he* created them. So the money is his.

IVAN: Workers create Bic pens, not businessmen.

LISA: No, no, no. Workers implement someone else's ideas. And they deserve some money for doing that.

IVAN: Hey, I'm Mr. Pro-Business, but you don't have business in America--you have nepotism, and greedy bastards patting each other on the back. But back to possessiveness: I prefer when I have a circle of friends and they're all on equal standing rather than "These two are an item" and "These two are an item." I don't think walls between people should exist. Do you?

LISA: Yeah. Walls are exciting to build up and exciting to smash down. I'm in favor of things *happening*. I'm in favor of greed and ambition and making dreams come true. I'm even in favor of losing everything. To me, that's life. I'm a happy-go-lucky gal!

IVAN: Greed can be bad or it can be good. Pasta can be bad or it can be good. Gun can be bad or it can be good. War can be--

LISA: Are you a Libra?

IVAN: Yeah.

LISA: Oh God, no. You are *so* Libra-like.

IVAN: I don't believe in any of that stuff.

LISA: How did I know you're a Libra, then? Every Libra I know has to sift things so much they never just *grab* anything. They have to think about what's right and what's wrong *constantly*. If I always thought about what's right and what's wrong, I wouldn't have had one-tenth of the fun I've had.



I.B., 63 Pitt St. 5F, Manhattan NY 10002

IVAN: I don't think there's any truth to that "it's in the stars" hocus pocus.

LISA: There's total truth to that. You are total Libra. I am total Scorpio. Scorpions rule! Oh, my son is a Libra, oh God.

IVAN: Well, you can raise him to overcome that.

LISA: I can't fight the Libra. The Libra must be the Libra.

IVAN: I don't agree though.

LISA: Hopefully he'll be a judge. Then at least he'd get paid for his Libra qualities.

IVAN: You might decide I'm very uptight, very analyzing. But sometimes I tell people loosen up, get reckless--

LISA: That's because in your Libra-like wisdom you can see where it's necessary to just go with it...however, you can't do it yourself.

IVAN: You have to be a bohème. I'm a perfectionist but only part of the time. I'm not anti-hedonist. I'm both--work and play.

LISA: Yeah, I'm into duality too--but not constantly. You can't constantly see both sides of something. Like, don't feel pleasure and guilt at the same time. Save your guilt for later.* I never said Libras aren't balanced. It's just that they *think* about balance all the time. I want to have a Virgo offspring next. She'll be a weird, cold fish and do my taxes for me, 'cause Virgos are good with accounting.

IVAN: What's so bad about Libras?

LISA: Libras are hell for those who love them.

IVAN: Well, my friends say that about me.

*My proofreader comments: "This is Kierkegaard's argument with Hegel. Hegel said life progresses via thesis, antithesis, synthesis, creating state B's thesis, etc. Kierkegaard said that's not true because you can't go to a party and *not* go. So it's purely a theoretical concept whereas we *must* choose in the real world."

A few days later, I received the following letter from Mr. Badboy:

Lisa--I realize you're so stubborn that you probably couldn't be convinced that the Earth is round if you didn't already believe it. But here are just a few more ideas for you to consider....

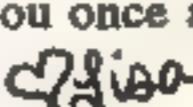
*Do we agree that INDEPENDENCE is good and therefore slavery is stupid or weak? Giving in to the power of pussy has turned men into absolute vegetables. A man would kill his best friend for the right piece of ass! BE STRONG! (Just say No.)

*It's well established that women are the DEVIL. Robert Plant put it well: "Soul of a woman was created below." He knew a lot of gals. I trust him! Women are unstable, insane, and more trouble than good. We eunuchs aren't the only ones who recognize this. Most het guys I know wish they could give up girls just like tobacco addicts dream of getting self-discipline someday.

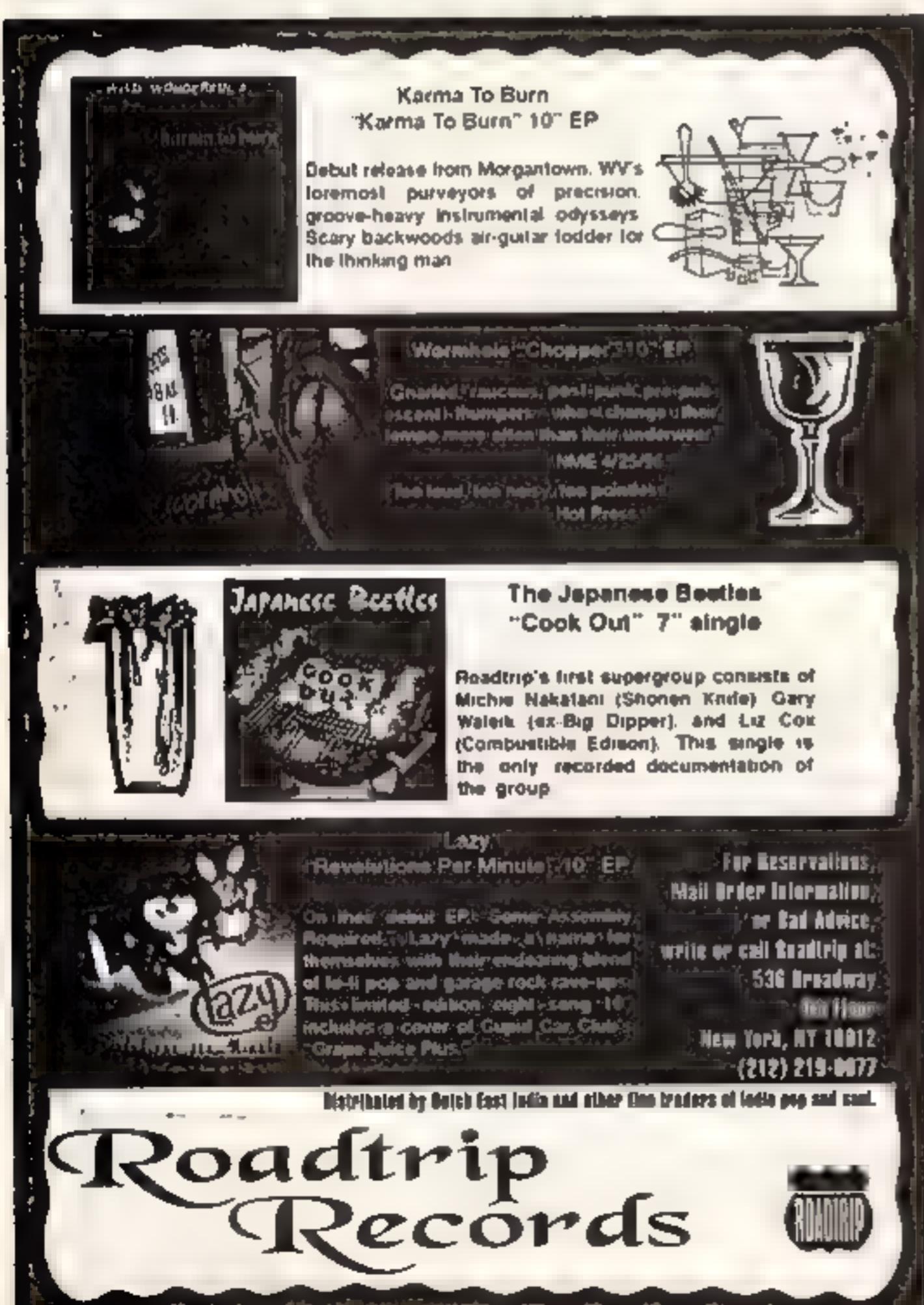
*You push this "Nature=good" crap and it just ain't so. "Natural" doesn't mean a damn thing. Arsenic is natural. The Black Crowes suck and Kraftwerk rock.

*Even for people such as you who embrace sexuality, intercourse and the other unimaginative sex acts should be retired. It shouldn't matter how much you like it: we don't live in Disney World! Cliches should be outlawed. Just as roses for a girl are an impersonal insult, so is fucking. Pleasurable and bo-o-oring!

*Intelligent people should look at things from more than one point of view: Men who love "sluts" and uninhibited females would go out of their mind if their OWN daughters were fucking every boy in town. We smart people know when we're fucking someone we're breaking other people's hearts, and for what? A little primitive fun??

Ivan--I take back what I said about you being a hypocrite. I see now that you just have brilliant answers to all the wrong questions. The examples you use to prove that "natural" doesn't mean anything are perfectly right, but one could find perfectly right examples to prove anything. I could prove that beating a two-year-old is good. That doesn't mean beating a child is good; it means I'm a good arguer. I believe it is a misfortune to be skilled at arguing, because it's addicting--it's so enjoyable to tussle and win, one forgets that in the end it doesn't mean anything. So I won't say any more...except I would like to leave you with these words: If I agree with your point that independence is good and slavery is bad, then I am morally bound to encourage you once again to exert your *independence* from the need to breathe. 

"It's well established that women are the DEVIL. Robert Plant put it well: 'Soul of a woman was created below.' "



Karma To Burn
"Karma To Burn" 10" EP
Debut release from Morgantown, WV's foremost purveyors of precision groove-heavy instrumental odysseys. Scary backwoods air-guitar ladder for the thinking man.

Wormholes "Chopper" 10" EP
Granted, "cavemen, post-punk, pre-punk, etc."-thumpers who change their tempo more often than their underwear?
NAME 4/26/94
[Too hard? Too heavy? Too pointy?]
Not Pressed

Japanese Beetles
"Cook Out" 7" single
Roadtrip's first supergroup consists of Michie Nakatani (Shonen Knife), Gary Waite (ex-Big Dipper), and Liz Cox (Combustible Edison). This single is the only recorded documentation of the group.

Lazy
"Revolutions Per Minute" 10" EP
On their debut EP, "Gomer Assembly Required," "Lazy" made it known for themselves with their endearing blend of lo-fi pop and garage rock raw-ups. This limited-edition, eight-song EP includes a cover of Gump's "Car Chase" and "Grape Juice Plus."

Roadtrip Records



A black and white photograph of the band Six Finger Satellite. The band consists of six members, all wearing dark clothing and sunglasses, standing in a row. The background is dark and textured.

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FRED FERINO, EGG MAN

by Matt Jasper

"The Greatest Living Author" is the title of a pretentious essay that introduced a few hundred thousand Henry Miller books in the '60s. Were I in charge of bestowing that title, I would strip Henry Miller of it for being impolite: When he visited Eudora Welty she invited him to come watch a parade of mental patients carrying their beds from one hospital to another. Henry was completely uninterested in this spectacle. Plus he's dead.

So I went to the bookstore in search of the new greatest living author to fill the void that ached within me but was overwhelmed by the bold new talents all being so bold and new and talented in the same way that I ran across the mall to the Dollar store where I got three vanity press books for three dollars.

I got:

The Hard Hat Girl by McCulloch Byers... "Pretty Marion Francis, 28, had not even sat at her new desk before she was painfully aware that everyone in the big power company—from the top brass down to her steno—seemed to be eying her critically to see if she'd fall on her face trying to lead her all-male Power Plant Electrical Engineering Group. Could this first woman engineer back it?"

The Romance of Sound Nutrition by Ralph C. Colonna... a 244-page poem... "To remove intestinal gas, bloating, and gurgie sound,/Take chopped raw garlic or pantothenic acid, and then the gas will no longer be around."

and *Topco & Survivors* by Fred Ferino... photographs of tiny dolls inside eggs, rampaging mice, an actual full-size egg-shaped car built by the author, and plastic toys of rescue boats, helicopters and divers illustrate exciting futuristic adventure stories, such as when an aircraft explodes but everyone survives in escape egg capsules. One of the capsules is found on a nearby island:

"When rescuers opened the capsule, they were forced back by a horrible stench. It was Bill's capsule. He was dirty from his head down to his toes. Nobody could come near him because of the smell."

"What's your name?" a rescuer called to him.

"Bill."

"Howcome you smell so bad? Stay over there, down wind!"

"I was eating beans and got a bad case of gas."

"Bill the Shit," the rescuer wrote on his pad."

Fred Ferino, besides being the greatest living author, is also an inventor. He built a gravity-powered car with 11-foot wheels and

received a 1975 patent for electric rollerskates. Mr. Ferino did all of this with only a fourth-grade education. He escaped his native-born communist Yugoslavia (where he was a valued industrial mechanic) by never returning from an Italian honeymoon. He tuned a piano for the American Consul, who in turn helped him and his family to emigrate to the United States. The rest of his story is a Horatio Alger dream. Mr. Ferino has owned several music stores and houses. He has children and grandchildren. He has won over 30 trophies for his car designs.

Speaking with Mr. Ferino was very enjoyable. It was the social highlight of my month.

MATT: You said you've fished with hand grenades?

FRED: Yes. It was very dangerous. You throw one in and blow up maybe 100 fish. We were kids. I had sometimes in my pocket five or ten and at the time I didn't understand too much—that I was running around with such danger in my pocket. I was lucky. But my friend lost his hand due to this. He was maybe ten or 12. And he blew up. It was sad. My other friend put a big bullet in a little gun and tried to close it and the gun exploded in his eyes.

MATT: What was the strangest experience you ever had when going to someone's house to tune a piano?

FRED: A lady told me she wanted the piano tuned. She said her husband was sick and I could not talk to him. He didn't look sick to me. He did not talk, just stood there watching what I did. Then the lady said she was going to work and left. I

opened the piano and discovered that there were maybe 50 strings missing. I thought, "How am I going to tune this piano with so many strings missing?" I thought the lady had gone to work, so I asked the man to look inside the piano. I told him I didn't know how I could tune the piano with all of those strings missing. At that moment the lady walks back in and screams at me, "I told you my husband is sick and is not allowed to talk." She opened the door and threw me out. Then her husband threw my toolbox out the door.

MATT: Cafly [his futuristic egg-shaped car with wings] is an innovative car. Do you think someday everyone will drive an egg?

FRED: Yes. High tech cars are beautiful but sometimes you find that they kill people. Very sad. Not shaped right. Cafly is like a bumper car. It's a safety car. The wings move when you brake and help you stop 30 percent faster. It's 100 percent the future. This car will be the car everyone drives. It's ahead of its time, though, so many people think I'm crazy.

MATT: Do you drive Cafly around San Diego?



FRED: Yes. We used to drive it a lot but not so much anymore. Sometimes people watch me too much. One lady was watching me and hit the back of a truck. Boom.

MATT: Are you happy in America?

FRED: My dream is coming here to this country. I have a lot of work. When I was small I often thought of what I wanted to do and I could only do it in America. It is best to work in a rich country for rich people. Better to work for rich people than for poor people.

For a copy of Fred Ferino's book, send \$10 to 736 Robinson Ave., San Diego, CA 92103-4313.

After talking with Mr. Ferino, I happened to pick up a copy of the *Rocky Mountain Oyster*, which is a big collection of phone sex ads. I was thinking about the beauty of the egg and how its form seemed to be echoed by, to undulate and heave within, the newsprint photographs of breasts and buttocks. I called UNLIMITED FETISHES.

All I have to say is do not call 1-900-745-0731. I got a terrible automated sex operator. "Hi sugar. I'm so excited that you've decided to join me. You've just connected to the hottest phone sex service in America..." I had to sit through two lame prerecorded desert island fantasy fucks before finally getting through to the live one-on-one "sex-crazed lady" I craved:

SEX-CRAZED LADY: I'm Amber, and I'm totally wet for you.

MATT: Raw eggs and cooked eggs, whole eggs and smashed eggs....

SEX-CRAZED LADY: I've got three fingers in my wet pussy. I'm plunging them in and out.

MATT: Eggs.

SEX-CRAZED LADY: Eggs?

MATT: And where you would put them....

SEX-CRAZED LADY: Do you have yours out? My ass and my mouth are so hot for you. They want to swallow your cum.

MATT: Can you hard-boil the eggs?

SEX-CRAZED LADY: Hard-boil them?

MATT: Inside your hot ass and mouth. I like raw eggs and cooked eggs, whole eggs and smashed eggs. I want to reach up into you with my tongue and lick the eggs out of your ovaries, then spit them onto the floor and fertilize them. I want to put an egg in your mouth on Easter Sunday. I want the egg of all eggs to precede the tip of my resurrection as it plunges into you and then I want that egg to crack.

SEX-CRAZED LADY: Cracked eggs?

MATT: And then I will kneel and lap the yolk of all yolks from you.

SEX-CRAZED LADY: Eggs?

I hung up on her because she was all questions and no action. Plus it was \$2.49 a minute. Please, dear readers, send me numbers for a real phone sex service and send me recordings of your phone sex triumphs and tragedies. I would also like pictures of feet. Matt Jasper PO Box 356 Durham NH 03824



VERY PERSONALS

Celibate intellectual with little to offer seeks friendly female cooking student/fashion student to practice on my tummy and wardrobe. Sense of humor crucial, and yes, smokers will be dismembered by me. I suppose I'm also looking for a photography student with an open mind to assist me on many projects (like when I paint my penis green and decorate it, it looks exactly like Kermit the Frog but my autofocus camera can't capture it). I can supply pasta, film, and occasional loving hugs. Not much else. Ivan Badboy, 63 Pitt St. 5F, Manhattan, NY 10002.

CHARLIE LOVES ALICE, I LOVE RORI. Any interest in these subjects: Party disses, PT time, Aunt Martha's famous airbrush, age desperate panties, piddling, piddled panties, paddled panties, watching Rori get it, Roriphilia, Rori's pretty poppet panties, violent sexy Japanese manga, write: Sam Cash or H.H., 601 O'Farrell #507, San Francisco CA 94109.

Cool guy is seeking a cool girl who has most of these qualities: bright, humorous, openminded, sexy, cute, erotic, sassy and fun. Write to me today! F.H., PO Box 241, La Canada, CA 91012-0241.

You think, "Would I like to know a totally original, creative amusing, spontaneous, adventurous, cool, fun, great-looking, and, above all, modest young SWM doctor/published author?" Of course you would! If you're a smart, sassy, irreverent, pretty woman, get in touch: I'm totally straight, with a gay man's sensibility--a. lesbian trapped in a man's body. 977 Seminole Trail #227, Charlottesville, VA 22901. 1-800-549-5338. Hey, it's toll-free! You GO girl!



"Not only do you show no remorse, you act like you deserve a medal for what you did!" 26-year-old male doing time for killing a child molester would like to receive new and used zines, CDs and cassettes (tapes must be clear plastic), intelligent correspondence, and "cheesecake" photos to help pass the time. Please don't send money, drugs, mainstream magazines, food or explosives. Write soon before they decide to transfer me again. Hugh L. Turner Jr. #131389, NECC, PO Box 5000, Mountain City, TN 37683-5000.

B.D.G. MAILORDER: Live Music Videos & Cassettes, Prank Call Tapes, and Rock & Novelty T-shirts. Ethereal, Gothic, Rock, Industrial, Hardcore, Experimental, and more! Call 714-740-4096 24 hrs.

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REVIEWS

The Fish That Like To Fight

The Siamese Fighting Fish, also known as Cambodian Biting Fish (officially called Betta), is described as a "pugnacious fish with gaudy fins, a confirmed carnivore who will readily respond to an opportunity to fight." Once they start, they'll fight for hours. They like to have sex a lot, too. Bettas are the white trash of the aquatic world.

Bettas take two hours to mate, embracing 50 to 60 times. The male caresses the female's head, the female "bulges," and they embrace. The male wraps his body tightly around the female until she "faints" for 20 to 40 seconds, then it begins again. After it's all over, the female is in a catatonic state and floats away. Now that's what I call a hot date!

When a male encounters another male, his fins and gills "fluff up" and the entire body glows bright blue or red. The two stare each other down, then suddenly attack, ripping out each others' fins or even scales with their teeth. (The human equivalent would be biting pieces of flesh off every man you ever run across.) The fight is over when one fish admits defeat by going off into a corner to sulk. Fighting Fish are tough--no matter how mutilated they are, they're always happy to fight again after a brief respite. Notes Dr. Smith: "The participants seem to get so much satisfaction from their encounters." In a couple of weeks, the fins will regenerate.

For all that activity, a lot of protein is required. Bettas like to eat mosquitoes, mosquito larvae, and aquatic worms. They won't turn down scraps of beef or shrimp, but prefer to dine on live, struggling victims.

The brutal male is surprisingly tender to his offspring, watching over the eggs (each about the size of a hair on the father's lip) so that no intruder--including the mother--will devour them. In captivity, the mother must be moved to a different aquarium as soon as she lays the eggs, otherwise the male might have to kill her in the act of protecting their young.

When the eggs hatch, the young fish that emerge are called fry. The father continues to care for them, making sure they don't leave the nest before they're ready, blowing oxygen into their mouths, washing them and keeping them covered with a substance that prohibits bacterial infection. The most common affliction of the Fighting Fish is Velvet, a beautiful, plushy white coat of fungus which will eventually asphyxiate him.

Boyd told me a story that happened in his childhood trailer park: Some boys broke into an old man's house and trashed it and--this came out in court--decided to murder his fish by squeezing them to death. So one kid sticks his hand in the tank and the five fish rush him--it turns out they were piranhas. They ate the flesh off the kid's hand before he could realize what was happening. The boys' parents had to pay for all new furniture and carpeting for the old man, but, sadly,

he had to kill his pet piranhas because they were "a danger to the community."

A Gangster of the Most Rapacious Type

Unlike other animals, the wolverine does not murder other animals solely when hunger forces him to--he does so for the fun of it. Three and a half feet long, with long, sharp claws and mean little eyes, the wolverine is amazingly strong, and will attack and kill much larger animals, including 1,000 pound moose. Even meaner than the male is the female in summertime, when watching over her ill-tempered brood. She will gladly attack even man. Don't bother trying to escape the angry wolverine--she can swim, climb, and run very fast. Accept your fate...death. Death by teeth, death by claw, death by unadulterated hate.

A 1950s textbook writer, strictly factual in his description of every other animal, was moved to eloquence by the wolverine, calling him "arch criminal of nature's underworld," "a gangster of the most rapacious type," and "a potent engine of destruction." The crafty wolverine follows trappers, stealing the bait and destroying every trap, until he backtracks to the trapper's campsite and steals blankets, clothes, cooking utensils, and everything else he couldn't possibly need, as well as "fouling" any guns left behind.

Interesting!

A zine broken into three parts: quotes ("You never realize how short a month is until you pay alimony." --John Barrymore); facts (a dose of Excedrin has more caffeine than a cup of coffee!); and opinions. I liked the letters the editor Richard Sagall sent to TV shows yelling about their "abominable and shameful" medically inaccurate portrayals of, say, a doctor on *Picket Fences* having a too big scope of practice (she's a general surgeon, a heart surgeon, a neurosurgeon, etc.--it burns Mr. Sagall up!). Then again, I always like crabby old men, especially when they come from Maine. (I'm just guessing he's old--but I know he's crabby!) A guest writer is bugged by the word "layman"--"a sexist expression--as well as a term of dubious religious connotations." Perhaps we should refer to it as "the L-word."

\$3, PO Box 1069, Bangor, ME 04402-1069

Henry Miller and other influences of my youth

I read Henry Miller when I was 17 and he was a big influence on me--the part about quitting your job at the telegraph office and having sex all over the place and not worrying about having no money. I didn't read him again for nine years until just yesterday--in a zine I saw a reprint of one of his big diatribes about artists and how they turn water into wine and wine to bread and everyone who isn't an artist is in hell and is dead and they just don't know it. I hate it when people presume to say other people are "dead." Just because he got censored once he thought he was the quintessential artist of the world. Henry Miller was a big stinky old self-important



Siamese Fighting Fish display a high level of sportsmanship. They stop fighting when one or the other of them requires air from the surface of the water. Drawn by F. Baker.

blowhard. No wonder his poor wife had to go to an insane asylum. I used to really love Antonin Artaud too, but now I'm afraid to reread him because I remember he said something like the true artist creates for one reason only--to escape hell. (Plus Anais Nin said she kissed him and his mouth was all smelly and there was white pasty stuff hanging out of one corner.) In my youth I had a lot of patience for desperate, self-important people who talk about artists and hell and get carried away with language and forgot to brush their teeth--in fact, they excited me. Now I just think they're a bunch of big babies.

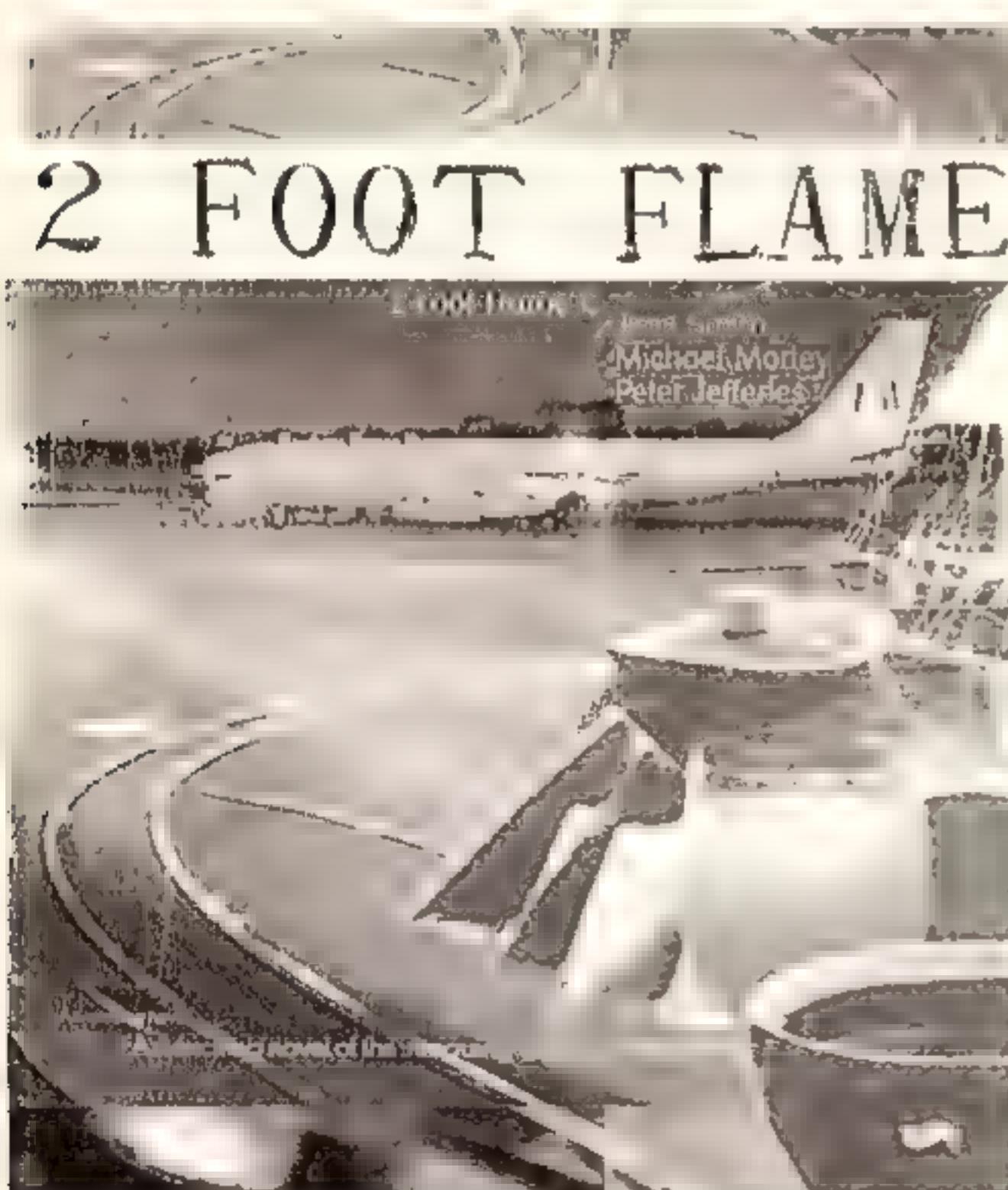
Animal Review

In her attitude towards humans, editor Nell Zink is generally unhappy, hostile and confused. Luckily, *Animal Review* doesn't mention humans often. It's about animals (extinct and living) and, inexplicably, indie rock. Zink is a brilliant writer, informative and delightful. I read every word of every issue.

\$2, 4111 Ludlow St., Philadelphia, PA 19104

England

Lately it has come to my attention that many English don't like Americans being anything but ashamed to be Americans. Huh! They just can't take a rugged accent! My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty! Of thee I sing! Our country is big! It has mountains, forests, lakes, oceans, prairies, deserts! We're bold! Feisty! We have the OJ Simpson trial, Rikki Lake, call-waiting, hot fudge sundaes. We're funny, not witty. I got so riled up over this I had to call the only English person I know--David Tibet, a sweet and loving man who has traveled all over the world except to the U.S.A. A dark and angry side I'd never seen in him before SPRANG OUT a few times during this interview! I was shocked, but carried on my journalistic duties bravely....



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→ David Tibet

LISA: What's wrong with America?

TIBET: I liked the Simon and Garfunkel version, but when Yes covered it it was absolutely appalling.

LISA: Ha! Seriously.

TIBET: How would I know what's wrong with America--I've never been there.

LISA: You know. I'm sensing it. I'm psychic, you know.

TIBET: Oh, really?

LISA: My mother's nurse who is a psychic told her I'm psychic.

TIBET: Psychics are notoriously the most unpsychic of all people. What I don't like about America is exportation of what I consider crass and stupid culture to Europe, such as McDonald's. [suddenly bitter and furious voice] I hate McDonald's and I hate Kentucky Fried Chicken and I think they should be banned from Europe.

LISA: America is crass.

TIBET: You obviously don't like a lot of things about America and you're ringing me up thousands of miles away in London to get me to say things for you.

LISA: I think crass is good.

TIBET: Why?

LISA: Because it's my country. It's how my country is, it's how I am. There's gotta be a crass country somewhere, and America is it--and I feel it does it well

TIBET: That might be why you like it, but it's not a reason to like it. It's not intrinsically good to be crass, is it? That's like saying it's intrinsically good to be a stupid moron.

LISA: America's crassness is wild and free.

TIBET: What's so wild and free about McDonald's and Kentucky Fried Chicken? I don't think they're very rebellious.

LISA: They exploit wildly and without guilt.

TIBET: Name me one company that exploits people that does it guiltily.

LISA: English people feel guilty.

TIBET: England isn't a company, is it? It's a nation

LISA: You're not giving me the answers I want.

TIBET: I should hope not! Your arguments are not internally sound.

LISA: I'm reeling things off the top of my head. I don't have to be sound! I'm too wild and free to be sound!

TIBET: Do you think companies in other countries don't exploit people and treat them like shit? America doesn't have the priority and unique quality of doing that, has it?

LISA: No. I don't have to stick to that argument any more. 'Cause I'm American! I can change my fickle head!

TIBET: Is this the "Why Lisa Loves America But Nobody She Knows Likes It" article?

LISA: Oh, no. Everybody likes America. You're the only non-licher.

TIBET: I didn't say I didn't like it. I like all the old colonies of the British Empire.

LISA: We left you because we couldn't stand it--you were too stuffy.

TIBET: Not me personally, I hope.

LISA: Well, not we personally.

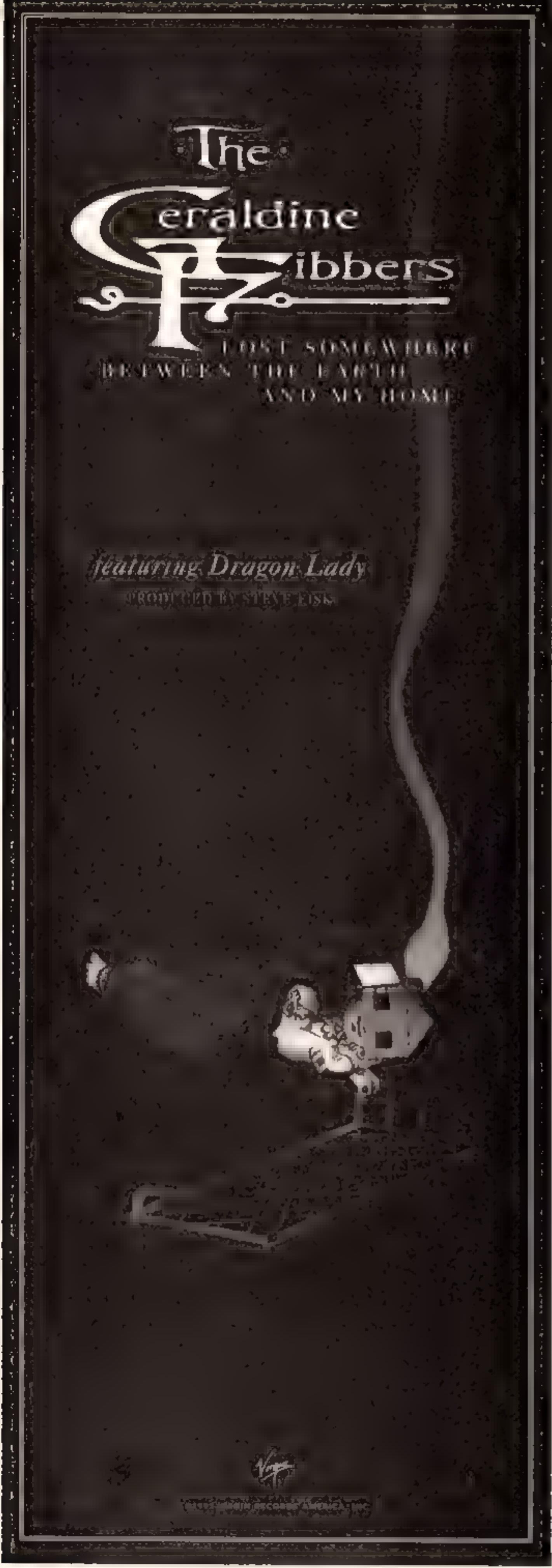
TIBET: Let's just let bygones be bygones. I've never been there. If you ask me to a Tupperware party over there maybe I'll come and hate it. Didn't you live in France for a year or two? Did you like France?

LISA: It was OK. It was fine.

TIBET: But not wild and free.

LISA: No. It was very French.

TIBET: Gawd, wot a bastard, eh? You'd expect it to be American...



The Geraldine Fibbers

LOSE SOMEWHERE
BETWEEN THE EARTH
AND MY HOME

featuring Dragon Lady

PRODUCED BY STEVE FISCH

and all those wild and free revolutionary pioneering McDonald's and Kentucky Fried Chickens there.

LISA: The French were what I expected the French to be. They have good manners and they give you nice meals and they're sexually very...French. Ho, ho, ho!

TIBET: What does *that* mean?

LISA: Oh, you know--

TIBET: They're whores?

LISA: No, no...well, sure. Ha, ha, ha! They're sensuous.

TIBET: Are they? All the French are Le restaurant familial sensuous?

LISA: Yes. All the ones I sampled. Americans are sexual rather than sensual. The French, beh, explore nonsexual things sensuously.

TIBET: Doesn't everybody these days?

LISA: No, sir!

TIBET: It's the new convention, isn't it?

LISA: No. It requires imagination. There's a dearth of imagination.

TIBET: Where?

LISA: Everywhere.

TIBET: What about America, land of the free Kentucky's?

LISA: Yes.

TIBET: They're wild and free but lacking in imagination?

LISA: Yes.

TIBET: What do they do? Do they run around in a--

LISA: Now everybody's killing each other because there's no frontier left. We're the number one crime nation in the civilized world! We have the most serial killers. The wild and free must roam, but we cannot--no more uncharted territory.

TIBET: Why don't you go back to Vietnam again.

LISA: Ha! That's--

TIBET: That was a good move, wasn't it? Not like America was beaten or anything, ho, ho, ho.

LISA: You English--. But you know what? You changed my opinion about the English. I didn't know that many English, but I thought they had wussy accents, but you have a sexy accent! You're precise and you complete *all* your sentences and you have fine penmanship, too. I always thought English were too cultured, but now that I've heard your voice, I think culture is good.

TIBET: Culture is vital for people to survive and vital for civilizations to survive. What is it that's said about America? "The only country that went from barbarism to decadence without the intervening stage of civilization."

LISA: Ooh, I like that. Our culture is one of not having culture. Our government doesn't put a lot of money into the arts. It's not like in Norway or Denmark where--

TIBET: [suspiciously] Have you been to Norway and Denmark?

LISA: Why yes, I have.

TIBET: Yeah?

LISA: Yeah.

TIBET: And do you think they're very cultural?

LISA: They're extremely cultural. Everyone rides around on bicycles and--

TIBET: [Do you think they're cultural because] everyone has open plan sitting rooms?

LISA: What's that mean?

TIBET: When you go into their rooms there's very little furniture and it's all beautiful and white, no bric-a-brac cluttering the place up--very hygienic.

LISA: Yes, very hygienic. And they get paid for doing art!

TIBET: Well that's absolutely pathetic. People should do art for the sake of it.

LISA: I feel that, too.

TIBET: I don't believe in huge grants to complete [pieces?] that



nobody's interested in.

LISA: Me, neither!

TIBET: That's a mark of decadence, isn't it? That's not culture.

LISA: Yeah! In America, people try to make *popular* art so they can sell it, 'cause the government isn't giving them any money...and then they get called crass!

TIBET: [angry like a bull] That's bullshit!

LISA: [gentle voice meant to calm him] I think so, too.

TIBET: Complete bullshit. Any art without religion is decadence. Art without religion is of no use whatsoever. I don't like McDonald's or 7-11, but...I'd like to go see the cacti in your deserts.

LISA: I fell into a cactus one time. I was dancing with the dog--Beauregard. I wasn't supposed to dance with him, but I did, and I fell into the cactus and got my punishment. There were splinters all over my whole body for days. It was the most painful thing you could imagine.

TIBET: Maybe that was early exploring of your sexuality--maybe that's what made you amenable to the French and their incredibly sensual attitudes toward--

LISA: No, it wasn't dirty! It was a very refined ballroom dance! Oh, I see, you mean the splinters. Ha, ha, ha! Beauregard was a German Shepherd. Well, anyway....

TIBET: Oh, well, yeah, don't want to go into *that* now--that's for another issue of *Rollerderby*. You'll ring me up and say, "What sort of dogs don't you like?"

LISA: Boyd told me you don't like America.

TIBET: Maybe Boyd was just "joshing."

LISA: That's an old word! You gotta catch up on your slang.

TIBET: Why?

LISA: OK, so don't. Did you know, I'm descended from one of the Mayflower people?

TIBET: Ah, if only you'd stayed here and been an English flower.

LISA: Oh, no!

TIBET: Oh, shucks.... [in an American accent] "Hey Boyd, this dude's really sli-i-imy! I hate England!"

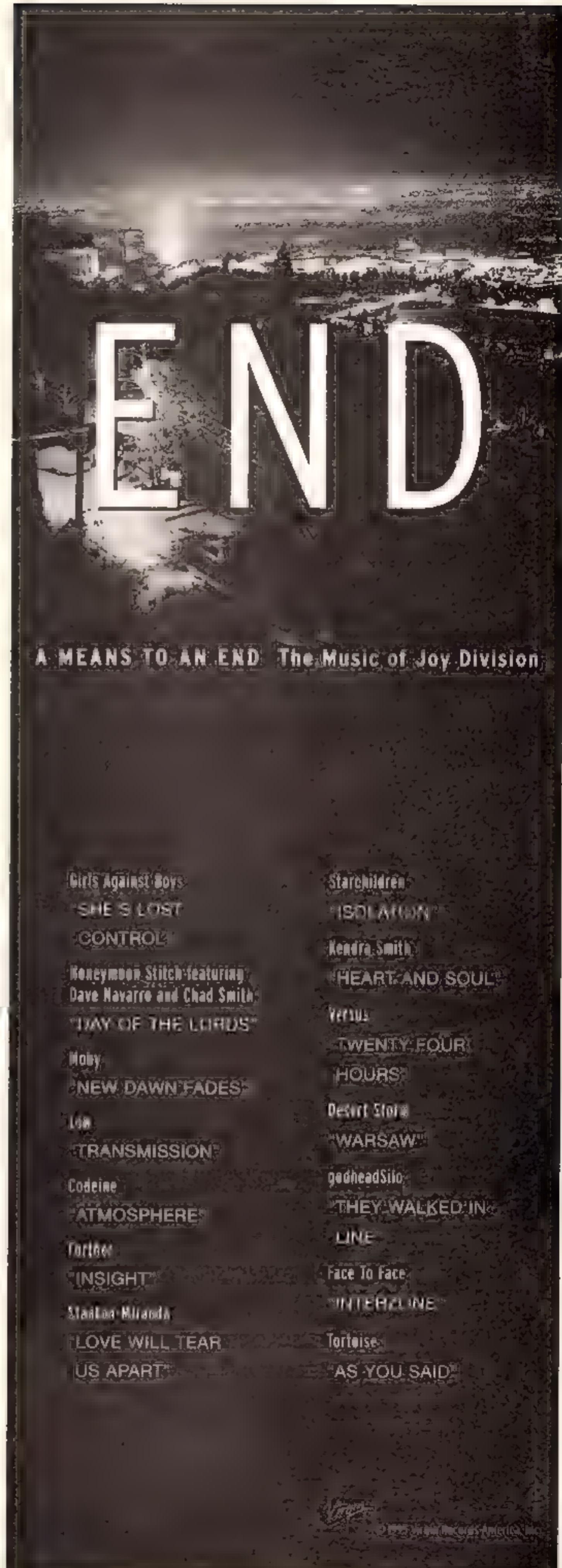
LISA: What?!

TIBET: I'm having you say, "Boyd, this dude on the phone's really slimy."

LISA: I thought you were saying, "Dudes, you gotta fly me."

TIBET: I'm going to have to rush off now--dinner's waiting. The butler's calling....

David Tibet is the founder of Current 93. Lisa Carver personally does not eat at McDonald's (the food's too gross), but she still loves America.



Girls Against Boys

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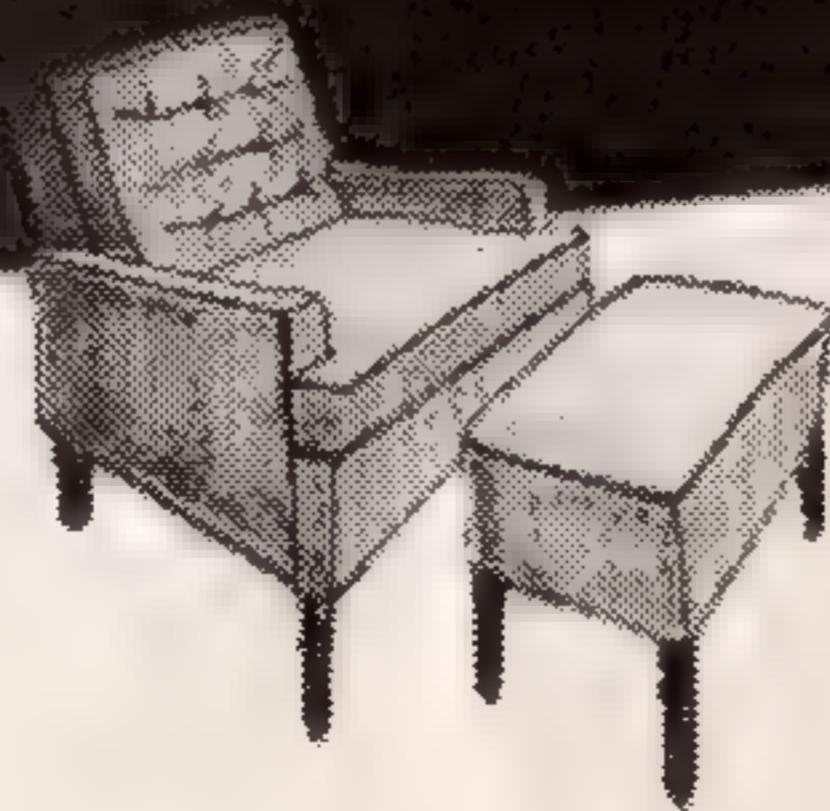
Tortoise

AS YOU SAID



decide for yourself

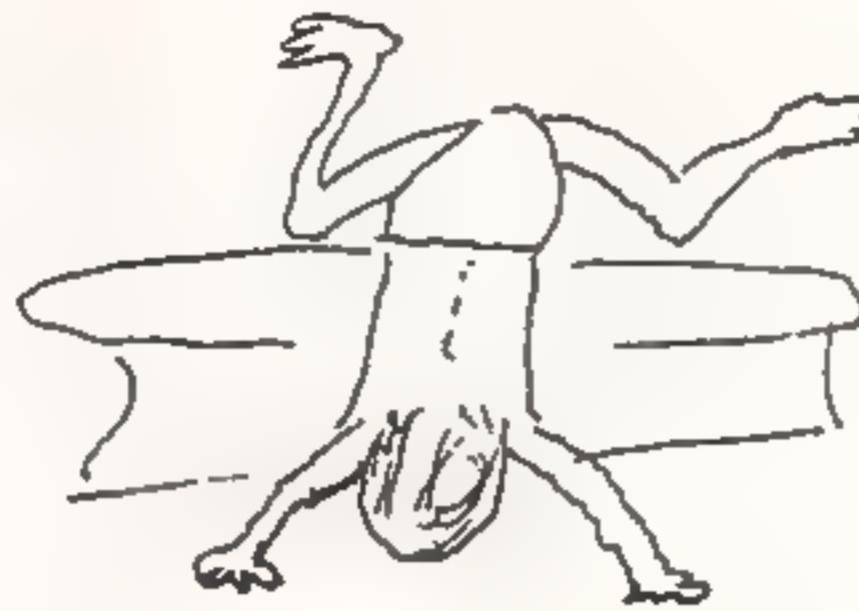
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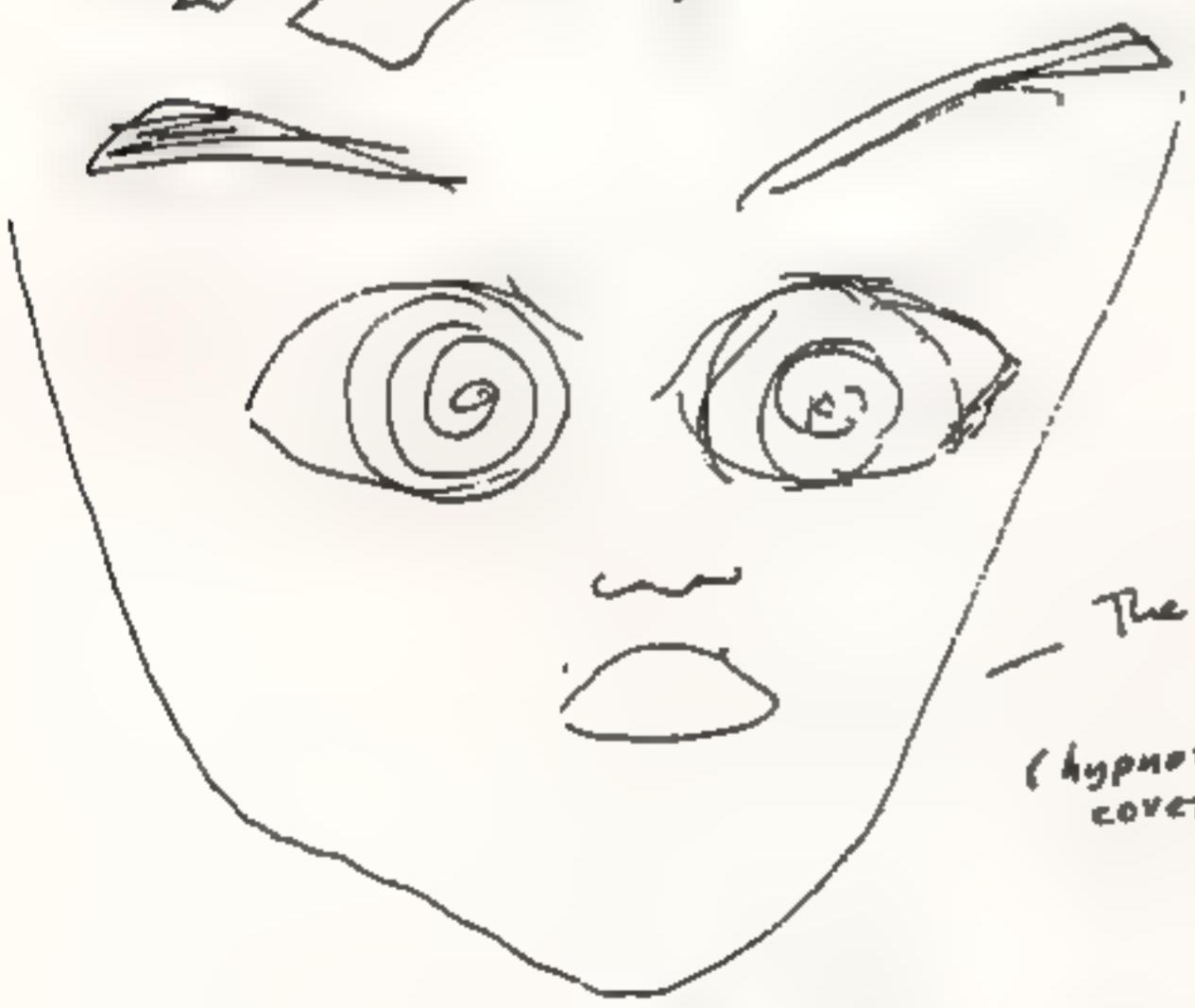
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his ten-month birthday



Oh! I see something
I'm not supposed
to touch



(hypnotized with
covetous lust)

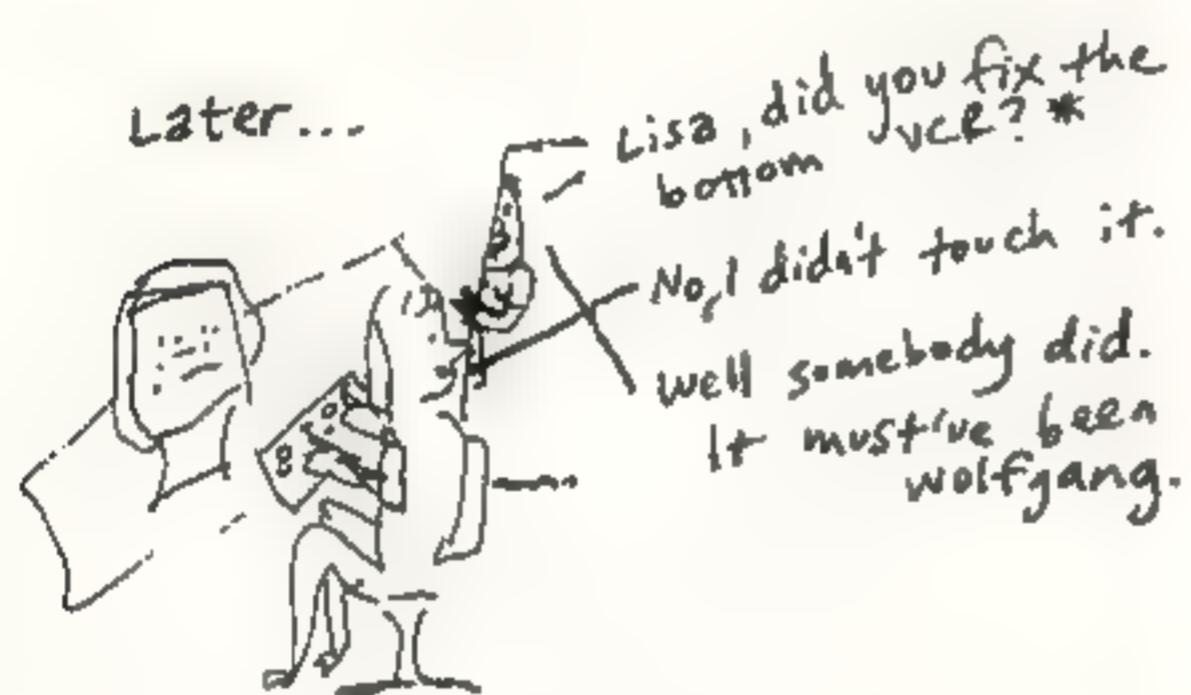


(hypnotized with
absolute terror)





Later...



A videotape had been stuck in there for weeks.

Congratulations to Matt and Bea Jasper on the birth of their fine son Max (photo at right) and to Vicky Wheeler and Dan Mackta who just now welcomed their first son to the world.



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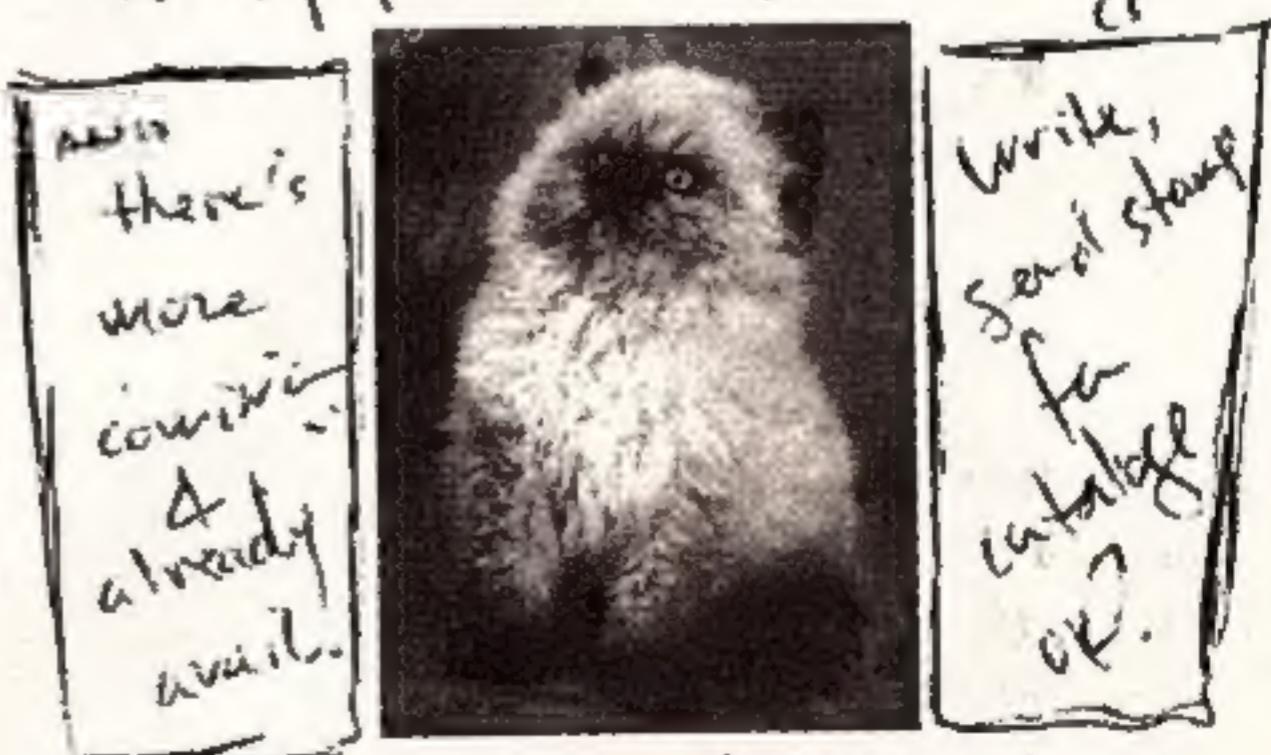
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